TEN CENTS A COPY

NOV 17 1931

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII | NEW YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1931 | NUMBER 10

Reading for Life

WHEN books, like automobiles and wheat, began to sell badly, a hundred public defenders rushed into print to save literature from economic casualty. Culture, they said, like tooth paste, was something that the great American public could not do without, and added that the most solid and enduring pleasures came from reading. American books, they said, should be patronized, because every civilized nation has to have its literature. Every American family should have a two-car, radio, oil-burner, book-shelf, home.

The argument was reminiscent of the cry of "Consume, Consume!" that rose so loudly from the advertising pages of the boom years of the 'twenties. The truth about American reading can be stated differently.

And the truth is that the American public is deprived of something more vital than pleasure or culture by its failure to read books. It is less alive than its books, even than the much criticized American fiction of the last few years, and it will stay less alive until it reads them. Even the run-of-the-mill volumes, the weekend novels and flashy social studies that differ from the cheap magazines only in being bound, have more resolved and interpreted experience in them, which is to say more conscious life, than ninety out of a hundred of their readers can produce in a year. It is a cheap and shabby life (like how many lives in this republic!), but at least it is analyzed, focussed, given some form and meaning. As for the good books, we are still shadows of their imagination, the raw materials of their art. Without some knowledge of the first-rate books based upon American experience, it is improbable that any American will form a pattern of life for himself which will have a true relation to a good and possible future in his inherited environment.

Books are a luxury only in communities where life is a luxury, where experience crawls along such a dull channel of routine trading that any attempt to release the emotions or lift thinking is as useless as a watering cart in a desert. A middle-class civilization like ours tends always to relapse into such a condition. It has relapsed in hundreds of American communities. Many an American city, rich and powerfully organized for production, is dull and lifeless by comparison with Boston of the 1850's, Philadelphia of the 1760's, or Annapolis of the early 1700's. Youth with blood and life in it (as our novels record) tries to escape from such communities, just as the full-blooded escaped from those lifeless settlements that Mark Twain described in "The Gilded Age" into danger and crude excitement in the further West. The parallel is not exact because books are not needed in primitive societies where man is in the saga stage, too busy keeping alive to make use of reflective and interpretative imagination. But the saga age is ended in America.

We tend to relapse, but there are powerful reactions and able instruments of recovery, of which the most accessible are books. Lifelessness, the enemy of every developed civilization, has curious symptoms. It can result in passivity and dull endurance as in the Roman cities of the later empire, or it can be hid by noise, an aimless energy, and a chase for excitement. The newspaper picture of American civilizaton today is a picture of lifelessness. The tabloids and the near tabloids are mere explosions of sentiment and excitement, as formless as a whirl of clouds and as incoherent. They pattern after experience as they see it, and American experience tends to pattern after them. Fortunately the American public, which has not caught up with its books, has not caught up with its newspapers either. It is a shadow only of the sensations it reads about, and feeds its lifelessness with a strychnine of heart excitement that scarcely stirs the dull organ in its breast. Look at the faces of tabloid readers if you doubt.

Nevertheless, in a society not yet decadent, as ours certainly is not, the impulses to renew or escape, to let the mind loose and the emotions grow richer, are still strong. The best corrective, the best stimulant, the best pattern is surely to be found in books. Culture is well enough, pleasure is desirable, but if it is necessary to argue for books, which means to argue for art, let us rest the case upon deeper ground, and maintain that in 1931, and specifically in the United States, the old phrase, Art is long, life is short, has a new and very significant meaning.

All I Knew

By MELVILLE CANE

THERE was no reason, no warning;
All I knew—you were there!
As infallibly there
As the crystal air
That April morning.

There was no hint or suggestion
Of person or past;
I moved alone, serene in a vast
Non-human scheme, in a harmony cast
Too right for question.

I was one with the rising season,
With April's every leaf and earliest bud,
And April's crystal flood
Sent a new fire streaming in the blood.
No warning, no reason!

This Week

"The Brown Decades."
Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

"Plain Anne Ellis."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

"Endless River."
Reviewed by ROBERT K. LEAVITT.

"Silver Ley."
Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM.

Defense of Poesie.
By THEODORE MORRISON.

The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Round About Parnassus.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Next Week, or Later

"The Epic of America."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

The American Spirit*

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN his earlier works, "The Golden Age," "Sticks and Stones," and "Herman Melville," Mr. Mumford has shown himself a competent and extremely suggestive critic and recorder of the American spirit as made manifest in the arts. For his latest study he has chosen the period from 1865 to 1895, which he has called the "Brown Decades." The book makes no pretence to be either a complete or balanced picture of the life of those thirty years. The author has, justifiably, sharply delimited his task, confining himself to the arts. Among those he finds the most significant in the period to have been architecture, engineering, landscape design, and painting, just as in the preceding period, his "Golden Day," the significant art in his opinion was literature.

The Brown Decades, Mr. Mumford thinks, were overshadowed by the Civil War as the Great War has cast its shadow over us in these recent years. This was undoubtedly true of the first decade but is scarcely valid as we get beyond that and into the prosperity following 1879. By the end of the period the Civil War was as much ancient history as the Great War will be in 1950. Mr. Mumford is on surer ground when he claims that we have too long dwelt on the vices, the vulgarities, and the futilities of the latter third of the past century, in whch he now finds—the "source of some of the most important elements in our contemporary culture." His book is an effort to trace these sources in the particular arts with which he has concerned himself.

Such an effort is well worth while, and Mr. Mumford's chapters, originally lectures, provide a much-needed reinterpretation of a phase of our past usually thought of in terms of President Grant, Jay Gould, general scandal, and atrocious taste. The focussing of attention on the Roeblings and their perfection of accomplishment in the Brooklyn Bridge, on Olmstead and the city park and planning movement, on Richardson, Root, and Sullivan and the beginnings of the new architecture, on La Farge, Homer, Eakins, and Ryder in painting and allied arts, and other such leaders—is a distinct service, not merely to a young generation in the seat of the scornful but to us all. We may not agree with all of the author's judgments, his exalted opinion of Richardson, for example, accompanied by a cracking of heads of those who disagree with him, but the book as a whole is a new and essential appraisal of a misunderstood generation and its works. It is one that should be read, and the reading is pleasurable as well as profitable.

And yet its reading leaves us in a certain confusion of mind and raises questions. Part of this confusion may not unjustly be set down to the author, and part to the problem of the treatment of short periods of the historic process as entities. Mr. Mumford set out to confine himself chiefly to the arts named, yet he gives us much on Emily Dickinson and Whitman, Edward Bellamy and Henry George. There is also a general account of the intellectual background of the period in its educational and other aspects, which section gives the impression of an historical compilation rather out of the author's field of competence. To point to a few statements, it is hardly true to say that Henry Adams "acquired a position of authority" in medieval studies, in spite of "Mont St. Michel." Fiske never made "important explorations of American colonial history." He was merely a delightful stylist and valuable popularizer.

*THE BROWN DECADES. By LEWIS MUMFORD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C. F. Adams's "public service" was far from being limited to his town or the Metropolitan Park Board. His most notable service was as Chairman of the first State Railroad Commission and his influence on the formation of others throughout the nation. These may be minor errors but they make us question somewhat the general intellectual scene as mirrored in the author's mind.

There are points also where we question the validity of some of Mr. Mumford's fundamental principles. In praising Root's theory of what skyscrapers should be, he quotes with approval that architect's thesis that they should represent "the ideals of modern business life—simplicity, stability, breadth, dignity," and convey by their mass and proportion "an idea of the great, stable, conserving forces of modern civilization." Mumford adds that there has been little real advance in this direction in our architecture. May it not be precisely because Root's theory was wrong? Modern business is not simple, stable, and dignified. It is complex, highly unstable, and as for dignity—well, let any answer who has been in business. Both it and modern civilization are about as stable as a fountain or a mountain brook. I need not speak of the constant mergers with attendant changes, the rise and fall of whole industries, like the motor car, the incessant adaptation to new conditions arising from new inventions. The very buildings rise and fall like water in the fountain. I have myself seen three costly office buildings on the site of 1 Wall Street, and am told that an office building is now expected to last only fifteen or twenty years when built.

Again, we question whether even Mr. Mumford has been quite fair to the period he is reëstablishing. He says in many places that one of the irritating points about it was that the men of that time pointed to the wrong things in the arts, that what they delighted in "was not very valuable," and that they neglected the best of what was being done. Is this true? They could not appreciate Emily Dickinson because none of her poetry was published until after her death and the period had practically closed. Whitman's work called for edition after edition, which indicates a public demanding him, and there was already a large critical literature on him before 1895. In trying to confute Mr. Charles Moore's opinion of Richardson, Mumford asks "what is the mark of adaptation? Contemporary jobs?" and answers himself "Richardson had them." Assuredly neither La Farge nor St. Gaudens, the latter of whom Mumford oddly does not discuss, lacked of appreciation. Trying to prove another point elsewhere, he notes that a compendious Life and description of Richardson's work appeared a few years after his death; that a "sumptuous monograph" followed Fuller's death in the 'eighties; and that a similar work followed the death of Root. The general public may have chosen the wrong things but do they choose the right to-day? Was the "buried Renaissance" of Mr. Mumford's thesis, judged as any period has to be judged, really quite so buried? Was it not, rather, neglected by the succeeding generation, always reacting against the intellectual milieu of the elder?

* * *

To what extent can any decade or generation be treated as an entity? It is possible for a scholar or critic deeply steeped in a brief period to give us a cross-section of life cut between two narrowly separated dates. That is one method, but it is not Mr. Mumford's, which is genetic. He has looked before and after. The proportion of space in his book in which he is writing "out of his period" proves the impossibility of remaining within it, and raises the question as to just what the contribution of any decade or two is to the evolutionary process. For example, leading up to landscape design and the new attitude toward the land, which he considers to have been a contribution of the Brown Decades, he writes at long length of Marsh and Thoreau, both of whom belonged to the earlier period, claiming that their influence was not felt until later. Yet it may be noted that Thoreau had been writing in the magazines since 1840 and his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden," "Excursions," and "The Maine Woods" were all published before 1865, though the latter two close to that date. Emily Dickinson, on the other hand, whom the author claims for his period, remained unpublished until 1890 and after. It is explained that it is a question not of when work was done but when the influence was exerted. But if we look for that influence in landscape design, we must recall that Olmstead was given the task of laying out Central Park in 1857, nearly a decade before the Brown ones began. In letters, Whitman had been publishing regularly in magazines since 1838, and his "Leaves of Grass" (1855) had been through four editions before the Brown Decades set in. On the other hand, in painting and architecture, though not in literature, Mr. Mumford carries us down to 1920 or so, and devotes many pages to F. L. Wright, whom he calls "the seedbed of the new architecture in America." Yet Wright was a youngster of twenty-seven, just beginning his career in an architect's office, when the closing gong sounded for the Brown Decades in 1895. We learn that "as early as 1915" he was making certain innovations.

I make these points not to criticize Mr. Mumford's book, which I have already said is a worthwhile and very suggestive one, but to ponder the question whether he has not set himself an impossible task. If we do not treat a decade or so by the cross section method, but try to catch its particular emphasis of influence on the complex and fast-growing current of life, can we do it by studying a score or so of selected individuals? Just when did Thoreau's and Marsh's influence on the public attitude toward the landscape begin? Did Olmstead, whose best-known work was undertaken in 1857, typify the "Brown Decades" after 1865 or the "fearful Fifties?" Just where, between the publication of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" in 1849 and the garden city of 1931 are we to cut out our segment of initial influence? To try to lay a short section of history on the operating table, as a surgeon would an arm or leg, and dissect from it the streams of influence as he would lift the veins or arteries with his forceps, requires a skill far superior to his. And, especially in the arts, when we have chosen our influences in the shape of notable figures, there yet remains the old *de gustibus non est disputandum*. Mr. Mumford tilts at Charles Moore and calls Cortissoz stupid because they do not see Richardson as he sees him. When the influences of an age are traced, more or less dogmatically and individually, to the work of a few men, and there is reasonable ground for disagreement about them, the whole structure of the argument is left somewhat rickety and assailable. It is too early to perform the delicate analytical operation suggested above on the Brown Decades. We may test to some extent our theories about a far past period by the subsequent stream of events. But the short reach since 1895 has been too confused, too complex, too brief, for us to test conclusions yet. When the influences of the preceding period are personified, the older critics are too close to them to be, perhaps, unbiased judges; and the younger who did not live in the period may well arrive at varied judgments in the happy years left to them. There can, from the nature of the case, be nothing definitive about such a work as Mr. Mumford has essayed. That, however, fortunately, does not at all invalidate either the importance or the interest of seeing the problem and the period as envisaged by one of the ablest of the younger critics. If the "Brown Decades" seems to me to be somewhat less notable for clarity and unity of thought and for valid generalizations than the "Golden Day" or "Sticks and Stones" it is largely due to the essential nature of the undertaking. Mr. Mumford has been on a courageous adventure and has at least brought back spoils worth our close attention.

An Extraordinary Woman

PLAIN ANNE ELLIS: More About the Life of an Ordinary Woman. By Anne Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by Henry Walcott Boynton

THE story of a woman like Anne Ellis is almost as interesting for a good democratic listener as the story of a Grand Duchess. Both are dramas of survival. One heroine moves up from the bottom of the heap and the other moves down from the top, till they reach something approximating the average level, socially and economically. It is grand to see them steadily approaching us, from either direction. An Ellis and a Romanoff, we perceive, are sisters under the skin and, what is more, our sisters. Princesses too, it appears, can be lonely, restless, oppressed, impulsive, unhappy in marriage, and unsatisfied in love. And at the other extreme how exciting the spectacle of an ordinary woman, of one who was born to no "advantages" and whose life, till after she had become a grandmother was (from the outside) a grubby, hand-to-mouth struggle, yet who emerged at last as—what? An author! A person actually paid for stringing words together, and best-selling with her first book! An ex-princess has nothing on a woman like that, or very little.

There is more or less illusion in such cases. Princesses and Anne Ellises are interesting because they are *not* the average person. If they were, they too would be inarticulate and blurred. Anne Ellis is not an "ordinary woman" and well knows it. She is an extraordinary woman whose routine of life merely sounds ordinary and squalid as you outline the facts. She was born humbly (if that could be done in the pioneer country of the midland West). Her father was a picturesque vagabond. She married a man who died still young, having "never had a chance." She was determined that her son and daughter should have a chance, and in the rough Colorado country, in towns like Bonanza and Saguache, she contrived the means of their education. She was a seamstress, she was a camp-cook with railroad and telegraph gangs. She toiled unceasingly and not without reward, for her daughter did well with books and made a good marriage; and her son had pluck and perseverance enough to work and worry his way through college. Meanwhile the toiling mother was not content with toil or with maternity. She hungered for beauty, read good books, aspired to social graces, and hoped persistently for mated love. Her frankness about this last marks a "freedom from inhibitions" which, as much as anything, has won her an audience. She honestly mourned her husband, but her heart had belonged to another man and she hoped for years that he might come to claim her at last. Yet though the news of his death ended something in her forever it by no means ended her thoughts of marriage. Always, in her raw surroundings, she was on the alert for eligible males, men of position and refinement who might conceivably give her some of the things she had missed. And even as a grandmother she was capable of brief, tentative love-makings which ended when the boor showed his essential vulgarity or the philanderer his empty desire. All this she speaks of without apology or self-consciousness, though she is often mournful about social and cultural shortcomings.

And indeed the virtue of this writing lies chiefly in its earthy, wholesome acceptance of matters which polite and sensitive persons, and still more the prim bourgeoisie, habitually conceal or deplore. Anne Ellis's conduct has never escaped the Victorian inhibitions that in her youth ruled even the frontier. But her speech is that of a hearty woman at ease among her peers, among whom might be included Dame Quickly, Juliet's nurse, and the Wife of Bath. A noble company, and immortal, as everybody knows who has eavesdropped upon a group of village women over their sewing: incurably romantic and breathtakingly realistic within a pair of sentences.

Between her states of ill-paid camp-drudge and successful writer, Anne Ellis went through another phase that shows her anything but the "ordinary woman" of her first title. One day a politician undertook to add a pawn to his game by making a candidate of Anne Ellis. As a County Treasurer, handling large sums of money, she would be a useful tool for the powers behind her. She knew nothing about business principles or methods; the powers would take care of that, by giving her a suitable deputy. But when she was elected she chose her own deputy, and learned to be a real treasurer, and refused to be influenced by party officials. She held the position till bad health forced her out of active life. A prey to chronic asthma, she became a fiercely resentful inmate of sanatoriums and health resorts. Meanwhile the desire to write grew in her. Out of this desire, and the vitality that refused to be quenched by pain, she has produced two books, two chapters from the story of her own life whose honest egotism and insatiable gusto were bound to appeal to a great audience of wistful and inwardly rebellious but outwardly conforming souls. An unbeatable recipe for best-sellers.

"In the 'nineties," says *John o' London's Weekly* of the late Frank Harris, "he was a familiar figure, with Whistler and Oscar Wilde, at the Café Royal, and it was here that Wilde made one of his famous retorts. Harris had been boasting that he had dined at all the great houses in London. 'Ah, yes,' murmured Wilde, 'but only once.' In appearance Harris was small, dark, and dapper, with a heavy moustache —like Kitchener seen through the wrong end of a telescope, as I once heard him described. He talked with immense vitality and much gesticulation."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Life

ENDLESS RIVER. By FELIX RIESENBERG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by ROBERT K. LEAVITT

IT is like Felix Riesenberg to have written a book as unusual in form and content as "Endless River." Master mariner, explorer, engineer, and inventor as well as author, Mr. Riesenberg obviously writes for the love of it. Having demonstrated that he can handle, reef, and steer the essay, the narrative, and the ordinary novel, Mr. Riesenberg embarks this time in a new craft, strange of line and rig. He calls it a novel, and quotes Mr. Harry Hansen to the effect that a novel is the way the man who writes it looks at life. Accept Mr. Hansen, and "Endless River" is a novel. Reject him, and it is a formless *pot pourri*. No matter; it is good reading.

"Endless River" is a torrent that pours through a book—the torrent of Mr. Riesenberg's thought and comment on life. It is a turbulent stream, acid and slightly bitter to the taste, but by no means unpleasant. It swirls and eddies, formlessly; it gnaws at its restraining backs; it throws up a spray that gleams, now and then, with an unholy phosphorescence. And it tumbles along a burden of flotsam that is the most curiously assorted ever a river bore. It is full of story, incident, and anecdote. Like some great stream that has burst its bounds and gathered to itself a whole countryside—people, houses, goods and chattels, livestock, and machinery—"Endless River" rushes toward the sea with a cargo of wreckage and of gold.

There are briefly sketched bits as telling as the anecdote of the shriek of terror that night on the old *S.S. St. Louis*. There are short stories fully worked out from start to finish, like that of Joseph Rudge, who married Madge De Montbatan and returned home unexpectedly. There are pieces strongly satirical in intent, like the story of Caves Garland. There are dramatic bits, such as the tale of little Mrs. Darbyshire. There are gorgeous bits of risibility like the narrative of Mr. Goggenhaus. There are improbable—deliberately, but, to at least one reader, exasperatingly improbable stories like that of Mortimer Teal who, notwithstanding that he had "mastered Quintard's irregular equation, by which that infamous scoundrel, the Duc de Nuerro, predicted the arrival of triplets in the family of Don Gilberto" rode to wordly success with the aid of such clumsy tools for determining probabilities as a pair of dice. There are bits of pure fantasy—forecasts of a future indefinitely removed and of tiresome, uncomfortable Utopias. There are tales as swiftly outlined as a tableau seen in a flash of lightning—such as the story of Murderers' Mews.

Wading into so varied an assortment of flotsam, the reader will doubtless find some pieces more to his taste than others. There are those readers who are made uncomfortable by malicious improbabilities that obscure good satire. There are others who lack imagination to piece out stories as nebulously sketched as most of Mr. Riesenberg's. But I defy anyone to miss the enjoyment of Mr. Riesenberg's deliciously sardonic comment—the torrent itself that hurries these bobbling stories along.

For example, Mr. Riesenberg tells the story of a gentleman who found himself sharing a table for two with an unintroduced lady at the reopening of a speakeasy of the French *table d'hôte* type. They warmed to each other over the wine; he paid her check, and they drove off in a cab:

"Need we," asks Mr. Riesenberg then,

> lie to each other, after all these hours and pages together? Here we are, the team, an old author with holes in his trousers, where shreds of burning tobacco have dropped unnoticed, and the enduring reader, dredging into the case of Civilized Man versus God . . . our characters are not only people, but are the things that make the people what they are. . . . No rule that I know of . . . can transform an Eskimo into a gorilla, although they may look much alike. The old beau we have just left riding with the sentimental female into the night, with one eye on the meter and a warm hand stealing upward from her waist, is probably a scoundrel and a fraud. Then again, he may be one of Nature's masterpieces; the chances of this being so are small.

Mr. Riesenberg has written a book as different from the current crop as "Tristram Shandy" was different in its day. If it is exasperating in its offhandedness it is deliberately so. If it is charged with a lusty "take-it-or-leave-it" challenge, so was "Leaves of Grass." It makes no compromise. It attempts to be nothing but what Mr. Riesenberg likes to write. And for that independence it is the better. Tantalizing as its formlessness sometimes is, annoying as its improbabilities are (and they are meant to be)—for one reader, at least, "Endless River" ended all too soon.

A New Voice from Ireland

GUESTS OF THE NATION. By FRANK O'CONNOR. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

THIS new artist out of Ireland has the health and simplicity and sanity of an older time. His materials are precisely those of which contemporary Irish novelists have wrought their fabric of negation, disgust, and despair. He deals with them honestly, without suppression or sentimentality. But there is love in his heart for the absurd or hapless children of men of whom his tale is, and the smile on his lips never goes slack with pathos or stiffens to a sneer. The fifteen stories and sketches in this volume are concerned mainly with Ireland of the Revolution, an Ireland piteously and often comically at odds with itself, inconsistent, fratricidal, preyed upon by enemies within and without: never quite ignoble or lost.

The title story is grim enough—of two English soldiers held as hostages in a remote Irish village and quite content there, till the hour comes for them to be shot in cold blood by the pair of guards with whom they have been so friendly. It is all so brutal, and useless—and inevitable by the rules of the game. The chief object of our pity is not the big, dull, kindly

From a painting by Winslow Homer, reproduced in "The Brown Decades"

Englishman Belcher, dying like a sportsman, but his executioner, who can never forget: "I was somehow very small and lonely. And anything that ever happened to me after I never felt the same about again." This is as near a moral as you come anywhere in the book. The story-teller has the art of presenting his facts simply and rather drily. The elements of tragedy and comedy in them must be sorted and moralized by the spectator: the showman makes no comment. Is "Jumbo's Wife" matter for laughter? Jumbo is a gross drunkard and bully. His wife hates him, and discovering that he is an informer, betrays him to authority—only to find herself desperately defending him from arrest. What does she feel most when an avenging bullet "squares her account with Jumbo at last?" Another informer meets his fate in "Jo," but here private malice is so mixed with justice that the gorge rises against its human agent. "Laughter" and "Machine-Gun Corps in Action" and "Soirée chez une Belle Jeune Fille" are comedies of sex and war, laid in the no-man's land of the Irish countryside. There tiny "columns" of rebels lie in ambush, are hunted, and often sleep in beds still warm from their official enemies. This mingling of the every-day realism of peasant life with moments of romantic terror and violence well suits the temper of these people, with their love of a grievance and a shindy, their humorous tolerance of life and of death.

One little idyll called "Nightpiece, with Figures" is singularly moving: a group of young revolutionaries gathered for the night in an empty barn, and visited by two nuns, an old wise one and a younger Sister who is not less a woman and a charming one for her exile from common ties. She appears to the fugitives suddenly out of the darkness:

> Her face is unusually broad at the jaw, but this instead of making her features appear harsh makes them appear curiously tender. Her face is almost colorless, her nose short; her eyes are jet black under long black lashes that give them a dreamy look; but over all her features is a strange expression which is not at all dreamy or tender, but anxious, abrupt, and painfully, sensitively, wide awake. Yet she is very girlish, slim and sprightly; and her appearance as she stands in the doorway suggests to the three hunted men a visionary, enchanted youth, that wakes a sort of pang within them, a pang of desire and loss.

Nothing comes of the meeting but a few words of simple talk, but you feel the maternal spirit of the young nun reaching out to comfort these lads who can never mean more to her than they do now, but who mean so much. As for the lads,

> they are all happy as though some wonderful thing had happened to them, but what the wonderful thing is they could not say, and with their happiness is mixed a melancholy strange and perturbing, as though life itself and all the modes of life were inadequate. It is not a bitter melancholy, like the melancholy of defeat, and in the morning, when they take to the country roads again, it will have passed. . . . But the memory of the young nun will not pass so lightly from their minds.

A book of poignant beauty. "A.E.," it seems, "discovered" this writer, and we cannot wonder that he says "I haven't discovered any writer so good as O'Connor since I found James Stephens."

Farm Life in England

SILVER LEY. By ADRIAN BELL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM

SOMETIMES there comes a book which uncovers the deep pathos and reveals the far-rooted human values of a lost cause. Such a book is this, by Adrian Bell.

Every economist knows that, barring a complete breakdown of modern capitalistic civilization, the day of the small farm—fifty, a hundred, five hundred acres—is over. Yet the small farm still exists, and the small farmer is still struggling against the inevitable. "Silver Ley" is a quiet and beautiful study of small-farm life in England of today, which not only enables us to realize that life and its conditions, but explains—without offering any explanation—why the struggle is still being kept up in the face of falling markets and of governmental neglect.

Mr. Bell himself, son of a London literary man, wanted to escape from the threat of an office life, and chose instead to become the working pupil of a fairly successful Suffolk farmer-squire, a couple of years after the war, while English farming was still feeling the effects of the artificial stimulus of the Corn Producing Act and trusting in the Government's promises made during the war.

After learning the practical side of the business for a year, he then took a small farm—fifty acres or so—of his own; and his book gives us his experiences through his year of apprenticeship and through some six more years of ownership.

Coming to the work with the enthusiasm of youth and with the sensitive eye and mind of an artist, Mr. Bell has painted us a picture which will stand up with the very best that has ever been written on the English countryside—White's "Selborne" not excepted. The chief note of "Silver Ley" is its deep simplicity. There is no effort to dramatize, to sentimentalize, or to decorate. With the author, we enter into another world—the world of those who live on and by and for the soil, whose forebears have lived for centuries on and by and for the soil, who know it, depend on it, respect it and cherish it. These are they to whom the land is not just an area from which so much profit or so much loss may be had, but is something intimate, which they understand, to which they belong, and from which they can only be separated by disaster or by actual starvation—a primitive people, who still cling stubbornly to the old life and the old ways so inevitably doomed by the march of a mechanized civilization.

The incidents, the scenes, which go to make up Mr. Bell's record are all, in themselves, small and apparently commonplace—ploughing, fox-hunting, milking, shooting on a winter's afternoon, ferreting for rabbits, the building of the straw ricks, the village flower-show, the local election day, and so forth; yet out of such simple threads Mr. Bell weaves a tapestry that is rich in color and harmonious in pattern and which is deeply satisfying to the mind attuned to the influence of the slow, orderly processes of the earth in its seasons.

Moreover, besides beauty, there is here a vast deal of real, practical information. Mr. Bell's experiences were no romantic search for the picturesque; they were of the earth, earthy, and much of the detail is just as grim and uncompromising as life and death. From this comes an impression of vitality and a feel of authenticity which seems to lift the book out of the category of fiction—if indeed it was ever intended to be there.

"Silver Ley" is, perhaps, Mr. Bell's confession of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faith. It is noticeable that the slender and lightly-indicated thread of love interest which runs through it closes on a note of renunciation. He must choose between marriage and his farming—and the land is more important than happiness.

An Amusing Skit

ADVENTURES IN LIVING. By LOUIS GOLDING. London: Morley and Mitchell Kennerly, Jr. 1931.

FROM England comes an amusing skit by another young writer. It is based on a plaintive contention that real life does not encourage us to live up to the Nietzschean formula. Moreover, it fails to come up to the certifications of romance or even the implications of the daily press. Golding says that he has given much time and effort to "living dangerously," but that danger has ungenerously refused to meet him half-way. Daring the psychic did no good, —walking under ladders, invoking spirits, and the like. No dive or haunt of criminals produced a thrill. A Greek murderer of whom he hoped much proved harmless and even charming. Thugs and gunmen passed him by. All those exciting moments which pursue a Cecil Roberts where'er he walks, eluded the eager Golding. He tried Tuscany, and Syria, and Chicago. He tried to be kidnapped by "the hooded ones, the Kleagles in their Rolls Royces and the Kleaglets in their Fords." All in vain; till finally, in a Berlin Keller, out of a clear sky and for no intelligible cause, he was satisfactorily set upon, punched, trodden, and thrown out by a band of silent Germans. *Warum?*

Perhaps, most of all, I should like to think of them as artists, pure and simple, doing a thing for its own sake in strict accordance with its own laws; that as some men paint pictures or compose sonatas, so these men kicked in faces. I should be proud to feel that they knew they could rely on us; knowing that to us as to them art would come before all things; that indeed, though they could not bring themselves to tell us so, the whole thing hurt them more than it hurt us. . . . I do not know. I do not know. I should like to discuss the matter with them over a quart or two of that swart sweet ale, with the piano strumming the melody of the "True Hussar." We should lift a flagon to Nietzsche also.

Defense of Poesie*

By THEODORE MORRISON

LIKE him that fell asleep and dreamed a dream,
(Bunyan, of course, the consecrated tinker),
Of visions late I had the very cream,
Though sane, and on the whole a prudent drinker.
As I was sitting poised like Rodin's "Thinker,"
Out of the scene before me I was rapt
Into the presence of a figure capped

By lightning stern that played about his brow,
In academic or judicial robes
Clad, or perhaps a toga. I'll allow
His costume was a little vague. The lobes
Of either ear were hung with little globes
Cunningly wrought of gold, on which the sea
Washed the earth's lands in lively mimicry.

On either palm he held symbolic keys
Which, by the fluid changes of a vision,
Transformed themselves with mystifying ease
Into the powers they symbolized. Derision,
Withhold your laughter, and begone, misprison,
While I relate this marvel. The rebuff
That Hamlet gave Horatio is enough

To establish wonders in a glorious plenty
More wonderful than this that I beheld.
The keys of which I spoke turned into twenty
Amazing kinds of things—torches that weld
Hot joints of steel, and symphonies expelled
From radio tubes; heaven-searching telescopes,
Vaster than guns, by which man's eyeball gropes

Into the depth where light from light escapes;
Volumes on banking, treatises on rents,
Health charts of guinea pigs, and lives of apes,
And last those keen, heart-searing instruments
By which the surgeon slits the integuments
Of mortal life, and pries into the organs
Of Al Capones, Clara Bows, and Morgans.

(All these by turns appeared upon the palms
Of that strange, lightning-chapleted, dream figure.
Words of abasement from King David's psalms
Whirled in my head. I wished that I were bigger,
And felt as though my life hung on a trigger.
But then I rallied, looked him in the eye,
And firmly but politely asked him why.)

He spoke with hum and throb of engines turning
Propellers in the blue Atlantic's froth,
With distant surf of city traffic churning,
And molten iron bubbling in hot broth,
With whir of shuttles weaving miles of cloth,
A voice in which the toiling world seemed rolled,
Knowledge and science and labor manifold.

"I am," quoth he, "the spirit personified
Of modern man and of his modern earth."
"I knew it when I saw you," I replied.
"I recognized you by the something dearth
Of beauty in your shape, some marks of birth,
A smudge or scar or two, a starveling eye
Thirsting to live as man before as scientist you die."

He frowned, and said with patience chilled by scorn,
"You are a poet." And I answered, "Yes,
Or want to be, or might have been, if born
In the right hour, with the right patroness.
I mean some tutelary muse to bless
The travail of my origin with song."
He frowned still more. "We're off upon the wrong

"Foot altogether," I admitted then.
"I see that you would have me plead my cause
Before the bar of modern supermen,
Defend my verse by scientific laws,
Write the equation of each change and pause
In the melodious line, and try to give
Reasons why poets have a right to live."

Growling from all his ventral dynamos,
He asked, "Does poetry turn wheels, fill voids
In jobless bellies? Or what poet knows
The analysis of light from asteroids,
How streptococci lurk in adenoids?
What poet can expose the economic
Springs of our ills? The very thought is comic."

"I must concede," said I, "that your control
Embraces the world's action, makes its mark
By burrowing into nature, like a mole
Whose light of instinct is to others dark.
The electric current flooding through an arc,
The laboring ship, the produce-laden pier,
The airplane struggling o'er the gray Pamir,

"All these are yours; the world is in your hold
By processes, discoveries, manufactures,
All save those areas yet uncontrolled
Where still old chaos rules a few broad fractures,
Stubborn against inventions and conjectures.
This I admit, without a touch of animus,
And only ask if I am not magnanimous?

"Yet though you are master of knowledge operative,
The habits and the processes of things,
I'll try conclusions with you, seek to give
Defense of the poor tribe that loves and sings
The ceaseless change and tide of the returning springs.
I'll beard the scientist in camp or college,
And try conclusions on the score of knowledge!

"First let me ask of what stuff are composed
Your engines, and what underlies each spasm
Of conscious man, whose soul you have disclosed
To be an attribute of protoplasm?
For is there not a sly and perilous chasm
'Twixt what appears and what we may conclude
Is somewhat nearer the true certitude?

"The atoms are the secret of all structure,
You tell me, and I ask, what is an atom?
I know you wring from them strange usufructure,
But still it's rather difficult to get at 'em!
Some physicists themselves of late high hat 'em,
Daring to doubt these mystical scintillae
Which we are asked to credit willy nilly.

"Some think them waves, to others they're the solar
System writ in ambiguous minuscule.
To explore them is to search in regions polar
Where the mind must carry artificial fuel.
And if the atoms have escaped from school
To romp in lawless pastures, what of other
Physical properties of which we hear such pother?

"Where art thou, gravitation, heavenly maid,
Who mad'st the apples fall by mutual force
Of due proportion? Where, oh renegade?
To what strange language hast thou had recourse?
Must curves and coefficients be the source
By which the precious glass, dropped on the floor;
Shatters, and spills its liquor evermore?

"Where art thou, light? Art thou corpuscular,
Or art thou, as we thought thee, undulatory?
'Tis odd, is't not, the little twinkling star
Can tell so contradictory a story,
While physicists, with locks grown thin and hoary,
Slide down the ineluctable declivity
Of a universe bewitched by relativity,

("Where time, space, cause, law, mathematics, matter,
Those concepts that our forefathers thought all
Solid as government bonds are now mere spatter
Upon the executioner's grim wall,
Shot through by paradox, allowed to fall,
Revived, and taxidermied with new stuffing,
And shot again quite past the hope of bluffing.")

I paused for breath. My supernatural critic
Frowned through the chaplet of the lightning's play,
As one compelled to breathe an air mephitic.
Then in disgruntled tones I heard him say,
"A captious dog you are! Well, have your day.
The seeds of truth don't always fall on arable
Land, as 'twas taught us in the ancient parable.

"Be it agreed they teach heretically
Who see all light refracted through one prism.
Physics, till late sealed up hermetically,
Has been bust wide by indeterminism.
But though there is room for ultimate scepticism,
Let me pursue my studies of the tick.
The nature of things is not my bailiwick.
"'Tis mine to penetrate, to solve, to bridle
Forces that else were but chaotic chance.

(*Continued on next page*)

* The original version of this poem was read at the forty-sixth Annual Dinner of the Signet Society, Cambridge, March 21, 1931.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST. By SHERWOOD EDDY. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

An illuminating study of the Near East and Far East.

MEMOIRS OF A POLYGLOT. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. *Knopf.*

A frank autobiography which spares neither the author nor others.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Doubleday, Doran.*

Deft stories by a master craftsman.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879 Vol. 8. No. 10.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concepts that serve me I believe not idle,
  Howe'er the sceptic looks at them askance."
  "Well urged," I cried. "A fair point to advance.
    But see, now, where the argument will lead,
    For I shall turn it to my present need.

"First, you confess your knowledge has a limit
  And is by winds of controversy blown.
Your lamp you know, and how to fill and trim it.
  The nature of light remains for aye unknown.
  The world has ever its present thought outgrown.
    We light new lamps, and put them on the bureau,
    But what they show us is a chiaroscuro.

"Next, if you will, observe how your command
  Of the world's action, and of nature's habits,
Deals good and evil with impartial hand,
  Makes the world hard for poets, safe for Babbitts,
  First multiplies the industrial poor like rabbits
    Presenting them with means of cheap enjoyment,
    Then makes a final gift of unemployment.

"Nay, worse than this! For danger piled on danger
  In the dark future of time's onset lurks,
To which the happy earth would still be stranger
  Were it not for you and your ambiguous works,
  Which give, by one of life's ironic quirks,
    High-pressure comfort deadly as corrosive,
    And save from germs to slay with high explosive.

"Wherefore I do not hesitate to impugn
  Your knowledge, though to do so be thought knavery;
Though the world dances when you pipe the tune,
  And though 'twas you that freed us from the slavery
  Of superstition; though immortal bravery
    Was theirs who fought disease, tamed elements,
    Taught vast and small to know man's instruments.

"This knowledge I revere; but it requires
  The leaven of other knowledge to protect
Mankind from tumbling headlong in your fires
  And fierce alembic flames, through sheer neglect
  To know himself, to study and reflect
    On that most intimate yet forgotten realm
    Wherein not science but man is at the helm.

("I hear you say that all we know of man
  With certainty and by the rod of measure
We know through science. Let us pause and scan
  This argument, an intellectual treasure
  Which I confess I view with some displeasures.
    Science no doubt can teach life's history,
    And many other things long hid in mystery;

"How flesh is built of sulphur and of water,
  How cells divide, how limbs connect with brain;
Can even trace their sublimated daughter
  [Descendant of who knows what stock and grain?]
  The human spirit whose bread is joy and pain
    Through the converging nerves to the skull's core
    Where light is born behind the inscrutable door.)

"For with the realms of physics in disorder,
  And nature's basic quantities in doubt,
With science making witch-flights past the border
  Where common thought can hope to find it out,
  And no one knowing what it's all about,
    I hold the notion that the sole true knowledge
    Is found in science had best go back to college.

"Yes, as the world that physics once explored
  Sure footed, sinks in the deeper riddle of things,
The world of our experience is restored
  To some of its old honor. For truth brings
  Her brimming urn from many different springs.
    While science measures, calculates, abstracts,
    Virtue flows back from numbers into facts,
    And knowledge dwells again amidst our common acts.

"And so I say there is a realm of man,
  A world anterior to any ology,
And though it has fallen somewhat under the ban,
  I rest my case upon it *sans* apology,
  And to this world arises my doxology,
    This world wherein the unknown sower throws
    Man's seed on the chance ground, and brings the rose
    To flower from the dust. 'Tis this the poet knows."

Thus in my dream I spoke. My dread antagonist
  Answered, "I see you have reached at last the crown
Of a somewhat tipsy argument. What flagon is't
  That you have quaffed so easily to drown
  Science in moonshine? But, although I frown
    On your rash reasoning, yet I will confess
    It interests and piques me none the less.

"Can you not say a little more explicitly
  Just what this knowledge is that poets have?
Else I must think that you construe illicitly,
  Deluded as by idols of the cave."
  "Th'allegation of idolatry I'll waive,"
    I answered. "Only give me leave to show,
    So far as in me lies, what poets know.
    Come, Muse, endue my arm with strength to deal the blow."

These words the Muse then put into my mouth;
  And first she bade me sing the beauty of earth,
How poets know when the warm wind of the south,
  Like quiet after battle, sweetens the dearth
  Of the long winter, and breathes upon the birth
    Of the arbutus hiding in the leaves
  Beneath an horny oak whose antlered girth
    O'erspreads a mighty circle, and receives
    Each year the olive tanager and the nest she weaves.

(The waves that on a low-piled verge of land
  Fronting league-long the unobstructed main
Thunder and foam, with shift and shoal of sand,
  Sigh back, and gather, and fling themselves again;
  The hills that knot together in the rain,
    Or stretch like dozing Titans in the sun;
  The trees that feeling the autumn in their grain,
    Like athletes who put forth their strength to run,
    Burn as with tongues of fire until the race be done;)

The joy and hue and zest of the sweet world
  She bade me sing, how nature who made place
For man on this blown cinder poised and whirled
  Amidst the numberless galaxies of space,
  For him arrayed in never dying grace
    Her local presence, that his very seed
  Might love the supreme beauty of her face,
    With power to turn to her in direst need
    For loveliness renewed to all who see and heed.

Then putting forth from this long precious theme
  As a man puts forth from a reedy shore
Sheltered against the turbid middle stream,
  Where blackbirds nest, and the muskrat builds his door
  Under the muddy bank, thrusting my oar
    Stiffly against the foam, she bade me row
  Across the broadening torrent evermore;
    Like Satan of old to wander to and fro
    Upon the earth, and all the ways of men to know.

She bade me sing the innumerable lives
  That show like fireflies lightening dark time,
And then are gone, while still mankind survives
  Its myriad destinies, wretched or sublime.
  With what sad steps must lingering exiles climb
    The hill from which they last look back and see
The shapes of home, and hear the church bells chime,
    She bade me sing; and how at length made free
    Of their own land again, they press deliriously

Across the border to the wept-for ground;
  The lover sorrowing for a mistress lost,
The maker of music rapt by notes of sound
  Clear as the crystal ferns of winter frost
  Translucent on the pane; the statesman crossed
    By private enemies and public sloth
  From helping men to good; the tempest-tossed
    And weary captain, rising gray and loth
    To peer into the storm; the rebel sick and wroth

At hunger and injustice among men;
  Of these, and of their destinies to tell
First was, and ever is the poet's ken.
  To draw sweet water from the bitter well
  Of grief is his; and truth's twin citadel,
    Nature in comic and in tragic guise,
  Early before his conquering music fell.
    In wisdom of man's ways he is ever wise,
    Yet knows what unseen stars burn in still secret skies.

(Where fabled shapes of man's perfection burn
  In the clear light of everlasting thought,
Toward which within their hearts men homesick turn
  Being partly of their substance framed and wrought.
  A poet he was who first this vision taught,
    Though from the purlieus of his ideal state
  Poets were banned unwelcome, and have bought
    Dearly his dream since then, careless of fate
    If haply on the earth such forms they might create.)

Thus beauty of earth, and men's ways manifold,
  Fair fabled Cressid whiter than a dove
Beneath whose tower, flashing with harnessed gold
  Rode Troilus armed, while she watched ripe for love;
  The young mechanic pulling on his glove
    To shear thick steel with flame; what throbs to-day
  With various life, what legend builds above
    The vanished towers and streams of time's decay
    To shine like glimmering rainbows poised in dreamy spray;

Or what lives yet unborn, but strives to be
  Though sick with hope deferred; what scourges wrong
And chides the sloth of inhumanity;
  All these to poets' empery belong,
  And summoning a rich, envisioned throng
    Of fancies ever various, on man's drouth
  'Tis his to pour his liquid drops of song
    As on parched land the sweet rain of the south
    Blows in awakening spring, and buds the rose's mouth.

Say then (so bade my Muse) let build the forge,
  Let rise the mighty ribs of ships and towers,
From chimneys let the folded smoke disgorge,
  Let arcs and tubes disclose their monstrous powers.
  While yet the breath of native life is ours,
    Men I will touch, whether with pastoral vine
  Crowned, or with scalding sparks in molten showers.
    For whatsoever be the earth's design,
    Wonder and pity and joy remain—and they are mine.

A correspondent sends in to the London *Observer* the following evidence to the fact that Shakespeare knew all about motor cars.

"Here is the Talbot." ("Henry VI," II., 2.)
"Whence is this knocking?" ("Macbeth," II., 2.)
"Will this gear ne'er be mended?" ("Troilus and Cressida," I., 1.)
"I will remedy this gear e'er long." ("2 Henry VI.," I., 1.)
"Thou hast wore out thy pump." ("Romeo and Juliet," II., 4.)
"How the wheel becomes it!" ("Hamlet," IV., 5.)
"Come let me clutch thee!" ("Macbeth," II., 1.)
"And here an engine fit for my proceeding." ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," III., 1.)
"You shall see how I handle her." ("Measure for Measure," V., 1.)
"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first." ("Henry VIII.," I., 1.)
"O most wicked speed!" ("Hamlet," I., 2.)
"How dost thou know that constable?" ("Measure for Measure," II., 1.)
"This Lapwing runs away with the Shell!" ("Hamlet," V., 2.)
"Give me Swift for transportation." ("Troilus and Cressida," III., 2.)
"Which of you know Ford of this town?" ("Merry Wives of Windsor," I., 3.)

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes: "Sir George Grierson is probably the greatest linguist there has ever been, and indeed his record would sound incredible had it not been stated on the authority of the late Lord Birkenhead. He knows 120 languages and 480 dialects. At least that was his total four years ago. I gather that he is still learning."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

The Folder

I SHOULD not like the University of Oklahoma to think that the Bowling Green has not noticed the fine work it is doing. The purpose of this turf, if any, is to keep a little space open for things not too easily noticeable. Usually, being slow and lethargic, it takes us quite a while to get a focus on what really matters. Two years ago we were thrilled by a reprint of *The Spirit of Learning in a Motor Age,* a fine address given by President W. B. Bizzell at the opening of the university's autumn session, September 17, 1929. (I wish a lot of other college presidents would read it and pass it on to their students.) Now I find, in the University of Oklahoma's valuable quarterly *Books Abroad,* edited by Roy Temple House, an interesting little article on Rainer Maria Rilke.

I am not under any misapprehension about Rilke. *The Journal of My Other Self,* published a year ago by W. W. Norton, is "full of many special things that are meant for oneself alone and may not be spoken." But for a few readers it is of deep importance. Perhaps the University of Oklahoma is doing more than New York literary critics are to keep alive an extraordinary book.

A welcome surprise for dabblers in the 17th century is that John Collier, the witty author of *His Monkey Wife,* has published (D. Appleton, $2.50) a selected volume of John Aubrey. Of course it cannot displace the complete two volumes edited by Andrew Clark (Oxford Press, 1898) which is one of the few works in which we have written our private badge of homage *Ex Libris Carissimis.* But that edition is not likely to be discovered except by specializing scholars. In *The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey* Mr. Collier has chosen the liveliest of those immortal sketches of 17th century characters. With one chief exception—the omission of Aubrey's notes on Thomas Hobbes—Collier has managed to include, in one inexpensive volume, the most spirited of this table-chat. Aubrey's lovers will always be relatively few, and they will necessarily be readers of a strong stomach, not offended by Jacobite tastes in frolic. Lytton Strachey, you remember, (see his *Portraits in Miniature*) is an Aubrey man. The Bowling Green has been mentioning Aubrey every now and then for the past ten years. Now for the first time Mr. Collier's edition makes it possible for you to decide whether we deceived you.

I learned with regret, from a chance item in the *London Times Literary Supplement,* that John Bailey is dead. I knew his work only in three little books, admirable in their kind. The first was *Dr. Johnson and His Circle,* which I bought at Oxford in 1913. The second was *Walt Whitman,* published in the "English Men of Letters" (which would have amused Walt) in 1926. Macmillans sent me advance sheets of the book before publication; I liked it so well that I had it bound for myself. The third was *Shakespeare,* the first volume (1930) of Longmans, Green's "The English Heritage" series. The note I saw in the *Times* stated only that Mr. Bailey's essays on Jane Austen are shortly to be published by the Oxford University Press. Of Mr. Bailey's career and affiliations I know nothing, but the wise, temperate and graciously written little books I have mentioned must have won him many friends.

The monthly pamphlet issued from Goodspeed's Book Shop in Boston has established itself in my affection as always good to steal from. Its editor Mr. Norman L. Dodge has a way of turning up the sort of oddities that appeal to me. This month he reprints, from Ramelli's *Diverse et Artificiose Machine* (Paris, 1588) a delightful engraving. He thinks it may have been intended as a Proof-Reading Machine. My own idea is that it represents a device invented by some ingenious committee-member of a medieval Book of the Month Club. Or perhaps it is a laborious bibliographer, struggling to collate rival issues and conflicting points. I venture to reprint the picture here, with my customary obeisance to Goodspeed's.

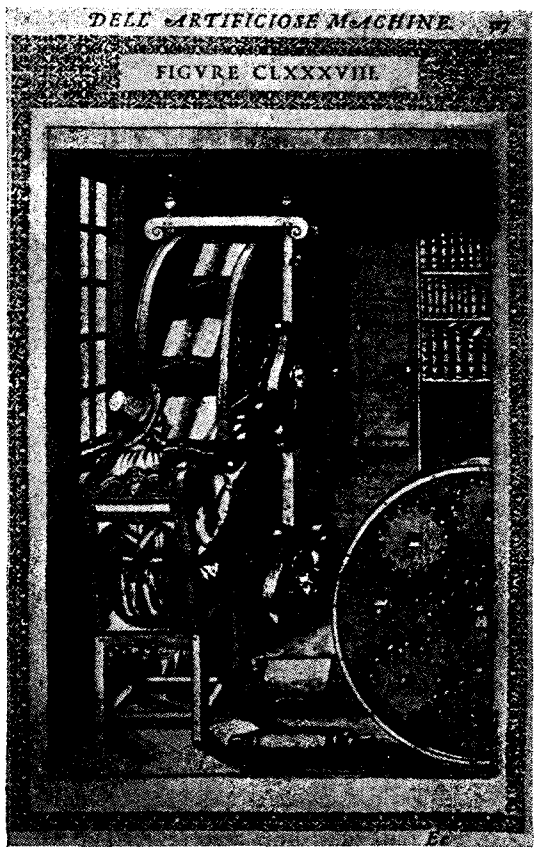
Eugene Field, in *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,* commented on one of the outstanding symptoms of "catalogitis," viz. that having riffled through the catalogue and marked interesting items, the victim of the disease thinks the books practically his already. Checking through the latest catalogue of Arthur Rogers, 4 Queen's Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the following were almost as good as on my shelves:—

Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter,* 2nd edition, Boston 1853 (repaired), £2 6s.

Meredith, *Diana of the Crossways,* 1st edition, 3 vols., 1885, belonged to Meredith's son, W. M. Meredith, £10.

Trollope, *Orley Farm,* 1st edition, 2 vols., 1862, £3.

E. C. Bentley, *Trent's Last Case,* 1st edition, £2 2s—of which Mr. Rogers says "this classic which ranks with *The Moonstone* as one of the two best detective novels in the language." That praise I think is a little too strong. Probably *The Woman in White* is the other one of the two. *Trent's Last Case* is an admirable tale, but there are a number



A PROOF-READING MACHINE

of other contenders—and we're speaking of novels, not short stories. How about *A Study in Scarlet; The Red House Mystery; Seven Keys to Baldpate; No Other Tiger;* and some of the yarns of Eden Phillpotts, Marie Belloc Lowndes, Frances Noyes Hart, Rufus King, Agatha Christie, Dashiell Hammett? A very good time may be had, by the way, in Kenneth MacGowan's new collection called *Sleuths,* which gives glimpses of the 23 most famous detectives in fiction with delightful "biographical" memoranda on the sleuths themselves.

Gissing, *The Nether World,* 1st edition, 3 vols., 1889. £3 3s.

Such were the innocent and imaginary acquisitions enjoyed in Mr. Rogers' catalogue, at a cost of only about a hundred imaginary dollars.—But let no one misunderstand my allusions to such matters. When I mention items such as the above it is not necessarily because I have an insidious hankering for them myself; it is to give others the fun of chasing them.

MUZZLING DOWN

Bourbon whisky, the God-ordained basis of all orthodox juleps, is not even mentioned. Ignored entirely is the elemental fact that juleps never should be mixed in anything but metal—preferably silver. As crowning atrocity, the Professor recommends you suck the drink through a straw, thus eliminating its pristine and most delicious charm—that moment when, after muzzling down through the aromatic mint stems, you finally encounter the delectable draught at their far ends.

—Frederick F. Van De Water, in the N. Y. *Evening Post,* in a review of a book on Drinks.

Speaking of booksellers' and publishers' pamphlets, another that we never miss is the *Rudge Rubric,* issued from 475 Fifth Avenue, New York. Its September issue reprints well-deserved tributes written in honor of the late William Edwin Rudge after his death last June. When good old John Aubrey, of *Brief Lives,* wanted to pay his highest compliment to a man he called him "ingeniose." We can truly call the anonymous editor of the *Rudge Rubric* ingeniose. He has an orb for all that is quicksilver and queer. He seems to be, in moments of excitement, a singer. For he remarks, of Janet Dexter's copy of the Peale portrait of Francis Scott Key (300 copies for collectors, hand-colored by the artist, $7.50) "One may now gayly reach for that high note with the official sanction of all Congress and President Hoover. The bill declaring the Star Spangled Banner our national anthem was signed March 4, 1931."

The editor of the *Rudge Rubric* is one of the most picturesque examples of Eugene Field's great hypothesis concerning the baldness of bibliophiles. Field maintained that the light of a reading lamp, beating down upon the bent skull of the student, parches and desiccates the follicle-bulbs.

Apropos Lytton Strachey, what a good time he was having himself when he wrote—*Portraits in Miniature,* the sketch of Carlyle—the following sentence on the mid-Victorian age:—

> . . . an age of barbarism and prudery, of nobility and cheapness, of satisfcation and desperation; an age in which everything was discovered and nothing known; an age in which all the outlines were tremendous and all the details sordid; when gas-jets struggled feebly through the circumambient fog, when the hour of dinner might be at any moment between two and six, when the doses of rhubarb were periodic and gigantic, when pet dogs threw themselves out of upper storey windows, when cooks reeled drunk in areas, when one sat for hours with one's feet in dirty straw dragged along the street by horses, when an antimacassar was on every chair, and the baths were minute tin circles, and the beds were full of bugs and disasters.

That particular vein of rhetoric, always delighful, was itself a mid-Victorian specialty; Macaulay was notably good at it. It is always a strong temptation for a witty pen, and the historians of 1960 will in the same way prove that ourselves of the 20's and 30's were dumb bunnies and clucks.

I am particularly pleased to note the growing success of *Hatter's Castle,* a novel of prodigious power. It is melodramatic in the extreme, yet it carries the reader to the end. Many have expressed some incredulity about certain episodes in the story —e.g. the collapse of the Tay bridge when the train was crossing it. In answer to this, W. S. H. calls our attention to an item in the Encyclopaedia Britannica:—"The first railway viaduct across the Firth (of Tay), opened in 1877, was blown down along with a train in 1879."

There has been no earlier opportunity to thank a number of correspondents who very kindly informed us that the title (in Herman Melville's handwriting) which a client misread as *Laughcomic* should have been Taghconic, a book about the Berkshire Hills by "Godfrey Greylock" (J. E. A. Smith), first issued in 1852, reprinted in 1879. A copy was sold recently by the excellent Housatonic Bookshop (Salisbury, Conn.) for $3.50.

Last year, just before Christmas and a little too late to be discovered by most of those who would have enjoyed it, there was published by our old friend and neighbor the Miller Music Company at 62 West 45 Street a very unusual book of songs and music for children. *Raggedy Ann's Sunny Songs* is the title; the verses and drawings (in color) are by Johnny Gruelle, whom you know as the creator of Raggedy Ann; the contagious music by Will Woodin —whose business is to manufacture locomotives and steel cars, which has given him by reaction an exquisitely dainty and humoresque touch on the pianoforte. Johnny Gruelle's verses are delightful, and Mr. Woodin's simple accompaniments—which never exceed two sharps or three flats—are not the kind of music parents think the children *ought* to enjoy; they are the kind of thing that once heard are engraved in the skull and which young people can't let alone, even when their indignant procreator is trying to write in the next room. A genuinely enjoyable book; more than a book, a ripple of sheer fun, it teaches us lessons about not being a crab. We only discovered it a few weeks ago, and we have hardly been able to get it away from the piano long enough to write this note about it. It is the Bowling Green's first memorandum for Christmas 1931. Booksellers take notice.

Christopher Morley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Plays for the Young

THE SCHOOL DRAMA IN ENGLAND. By T. H. VAIL MOTTER. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERIC S. DRAKE

THERE are two elements in historical studies of this nature, content and perspective; Mr. Motter has given us a book as excellent and scholarly in the one as it is rudimentary in the other, but though one cannot overlook its faults, it remains a book that no lover of drama in its full scope can afford to miss, and the reader will the better appreciate its value by realizing the limits within which these values hold.

The main thesis of the work, that there has been in England a vital connection between the drama of the schools and that of the theatres by way of the universities, is hardly epoch-making, but what is of interest is the wealth of detail with which the thesis is supported, even to the conditions under which the children lived and acted. Mr. Motter's documentary researches have taken him into the dim past, and the reader cannot realize these dramatic stirrings in the ancient English schools in pre-Renaissance days without a certain responsive thrill. From Winchester and Eton the story is followed through the major "public" schools to modern days, with one chapter on some of the lesser schools, and one on the present situation in the light of the past. The author's conscientiousness and accuracy are beyond quibbling about, and he shows an excellent discrimination in differentiating between the characteristics of the various schools; but there we part company; by the time the final chapter is reached, he has become the victim of his own method.

The main rhythm of school drama is rightly noted, reaching its climax in the 'seventies of the sixteenth century, passing through "competition and defeat" to the Commonwealth, and thence through "dependence and imitation" to modern times. Then, in rather less than three hurried pages, all this is put into relation with the future. By a false perspective, Christ's Hospital and Rugby are seen leading the way to a new independence and vitality.

That is not so, essentially. There is a revival of drama in English schools, but it is not wrapt up with the individual school, often with the individual headmaster, as it was in the beginning. In bending over his documents, Mr. Motter seems to have missed the new orientation, which is based on a very different view of the child and of life from that of the traditional "public" school; and no less important, it is based on a very different attitude to the audience. It makes such a vital appeal to the child's imagination that it is looked on as somewhat uncanny and not quite respectable, and for that very reason is suspect even in schools that pride themselves on their dramatic traditions. It is not a fulfilment of those traditions, but a disruption both of them and of the whole scholastic philosophy on which they are based. But all this can hardly be unearthed from manuscripts; it hasn't reached that stage yet; it is still fluid and vital. At the same time it is almost incredible that Mr. Motter has not made some contact with it, and that he can write a book of such thoroughness in other respects without even mentioning the Perse School and the influence of Mr. Caldwell Cook. If Christ's Hospital and Rugby hold the lead in this matter (which is very doubtful), it is quite incidental; the historian must look for something bigger than these or any other schools, a new continuity, a shift in perspective.

Again, the author shows by a half truth the limitations of his knowledge. He says:

> I have heard that there are schoolmasters who think Shakespeare the only permissible author for the school stage; I have even seen fourteen-year-old Henry Fifths, and although I have avoided nine-year-old Lears, I was once asked to cast a particularly blushing youth of fifteen as Caliban. Such performances are anything but educational; they are anarchic. . . .

This plausible sneer does not alter the fact, though it may obscure it, that it has been demonstrated that boys of twelve or thirteen (i.e. in the maturity of boyhood, not in the monkey stage nor in blushing adolescence), can act adult plays, and especially Shakespeare, with an intensity and an abandon that are quite startling. To deny this is as sane as denying that boys of the same age can sing adults' songs and anthems with a loveliness and penetration that are the despair of adults themselves.

But a whole book could be written on this subject. It is hoped that Mr. Motter will consider his work merely as an introduction, and expand his last chapter into a second volume, based on several years spent out of the library and in the field. The considered opinion of an American on such a topic would be of real value. In the meantime, we are glad that Mr. Motter has gone as far as he has; it is significant that it has been left to an American to do this particular piece of work.

A Stalwart American

THE LIFE OF CHARLES G. WASHBURN. By GEORGE HENRY HAYNES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

THERE is a well-founded tradition that Justices of the Supreme Court are careful to avoid any discussion whatever of a case which is before them or which may come before them except among themselves. For a Justice to bring up such a subject himself with a person not a member of the Court would be a most surprising occurrence. For a Chief Justice to do so would be doubly surprising. Yet no less a member of the country's highest tribunal than Chief Justice White sought the opinion of an outsider upon no less important a matter than the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases.

The incident is related in the words of the man thus honored, Charles G. Washburn, who, having mentioned the conversation to a friend, was urged by him to make a record of the unusual occurrence. The date was February 11, 1911. Mr. Washburn was serving his second and last term in Congress, to which he had been elected as a Representative from his native Massachusetts. Seeing Chief Justice White pass his house that Sunday afternoon, Mr. Washburn walked out, shook hands with him, and told him how glad he was at Justice White's recent appointment to the Chief Justiceship. "I am very glad to see you," replied Mr. White, "and have been meaning to call on you and wish that you would walk with me, as there are some matters I would like to discuss with you and have your opinion upon." He continued:

> You know we have these cases before us under the Sherman Act. I realize the great importance of the decision to the country and also the great importance of a unanimous decision, particularly because the Court has been so evenly divided heretofore. I want to talk with some one familiar with business conditions, and I know that you have had business experience, and I would like the judgment of a business man.

Justice White proceeded to put a definite and pertinent question:

> Do you think that, if I can get the Court to unite on a construction of the first section of the act which will relieve nine-tenths of the cases that are likely to arise, remaining operative upon the very few combinations which are clearly monopolies, it would be a conclusion which I would be justified in advocating?

This question points toward the famous "rule of reason" laid down in the decisions in the two cases three months later.

Another bit of hitherto unrevealed history concerns Washburn's Harvard classmate and friend, Theodore Roosevelt. In a letter to Lord Bryce dated July 5, 1916, and relating to the political situation of that summer with special reference to Roosevelt, Washburn wrote:

> I saw him on Sunday, June 4, on my way to the Convention (the Republican Convention). He then told me, three days before the Convention met, that he would not head a third ticket, but he asked me not to repeat this, because it would weaken his influence over the Republican Convention, and he then intimated very strongly that he thought Hughes the only man in sight whom the Progressives would accept.

Even without these significant disclosures the biography of Mr. Washburn would well repay reading. It presents a sturdy, reticent, somewhat Puritanical, but public-spirited New Englander, a man of precise expression and of scholarly tastes as well as business ability, who mellowed as he grew older and who prized family associations more highly than political or any other success. His devotion to his mother and her pride in him make a most attractive picture. Serving only two terms in Congress, he gave his chief public service to his State. He became a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and of the State Constitutional Convention and was appointed to various bodies by Governors Crane, McCall, and Coolidge. He was always mindful of local duties and opportunities to an extraordinary degree. And he would have counted himself fortunate in his biographer, for excessive laudation would have displeased him almost as much as the glossing over of a limitation.

"A Good Woman"

HER BODY SPEAKS. By AARON MARC STEIN. New York: Covici, Friede. 1931. $2.50.

ONE is often appalled at the damage that a technically good woman can do, when her goodness is not reinforced by intelligence and self-knowledge. Mere abstention from evil is often the poorest guarantee of wisdom or a wholesome influence over others. Mr. Stein's novel tells of the tragic events caused by the refusal of Edith Kent, an unmarried woman of thirty, to accept life as it is, and to admit to herself the truth about herself. Hemmed in by her own notions, reticences, and hypocrisies, in a crisis she went entirely sour and became the instrument of convicting an innocent man of first-degree murder. When a perfectly simple act of genuine thought would have cleared up the entire mess, she spoke from chaos and the result was evil. One life was lost, and four others were seriously broken, all because of wretched habits of mind induced by her virginal flight from reality. The speech of her body was the gibbering of an idiot.

Mr. Stein makes the madhouse of Edith Kent's mind quite convincing. His analysis of her progressive hysteria gives every indication of being sound and reasonable. Throughout the novel, we come upon this or that explanation of Edith Kent (or of the other characters) that strikes home either to us or to the people whom we have known intimately. And though the lesser characters are not so successful, they are never near failure. Edith Kent's maid, Martha, is given some of the best parts of the novel, and Martha's young man, Jim, is excellent though of small importance. Richard Clegg, the lawyer with whom Edith is half in love, is the least acceptable figure in the novel. Mr. Stein does not seem sure just what to do with him nor just what sort of a person he is supposed to be. His attentions to Martha are not wholly credible. But all in all, the analysis of the characters, their emotions and situations, is admirably done. And no one of us is sufficiently without sin not to have a personal interest in Mr. Stein's psychological surgery.

All this is told in a heavily stylized manner. The stream of consciousness device, which is used through almost the whole narrative, often enables Mr. Stein to get directly at the thoughts and emotions of his characters. However, it is likely that the novel would have been more successful if it had been told in the more conventional method of third person narrative. More than any other kind of fiction, the novel where action is revealed solely through the workings of the characters' minds, needs a writer with resourcefulness, agility, and sensitiveness; by evidence of this book, Mr. Stein has but little of these qualities. Ploughing ahead, he is more of the speculative psychologist than the literary artist. The result is a number of tiresome pages and a good deal of forced writing. But in spite of this radical defect, the novel remains well worth reading, not for its story but for its analysis of motive and for its merciless spotlight cast upon a not uncommon form of intellectual and emotional dishonesty. The integrity of Mr. Stein's own mental processes is never once suspect.

A Political Murder

THE HERO. By ALFRED NEUMANN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

IN this novel, Alfred Neumann tells the story of a political murder and its consequences for the murderer. Hubert Hoff, a member of the Nationalist party in a European country, kills the Labor prime minister of the country out of motives which are partly political and partly personal. Hoff is a dancer in a café, and he has three friends—a girl who is his dancing partner, a dwarf who worships him as a hero, and David Hertz, a man to whom he feels bound in a curious psychic relationship and who is described as his other self or "double." The crime committed, Hoff is plagued by the dwarf, who gives him commonsense advice on how to get away. Hoff, however, confesses to the girl and, in a roundabout way, to Hertz. Driven still further by his desire to rid himself of his guilt, he confesses to the prime minister's wife (who thinks him ill), the police commissioner (who thinks him mad), and quickly disintegrates mentally and physically, ending in an insane asylum.

It is quite a tale, at times truly well written and exciting. Herr Neumann has written some historical novels, and, as in them, the characters in this one seem to be in costume. "The Hero" is not a novel that grips one as the real story of a real murderer—that is to say, the story of the murder is real, but Hoff is not a real character. A newspaper account of a murder often holds our attention as effectively as this novel does, and to that degree "The Hero" is a good story. But we expect more than a circumstantial narrative of the events accompanying and resulting from a deed of violence if the novel is to be a good novel.

Herr Neumann does, it is true, hint at meanings that lie beneath the surface of his tale. Some significance is attached by the author, we may be sure, to the strange relationship described between Hoff and his "double." The author himself must feel that it is not very clear, for on page 213 he allows his characters themselves to try to explain it—to us, not to each other:

> "Herr Hertz" (said Hoff) "for God's sake tell me—and use clear, simple language—why are we interested in each other?"
>
> "Because our fates are similar!"
>
> "There's no such thing, Hertz, there's no such thing! Those are mere words!"
>
> "Because we are very much alike as men."
>
> "What on earth does that mean?" cried Hoff. "Are men who are very much alike therefore one? Is that what you mean?"

And on the preceding page, Hoff thinks to himself:

> Is there really such a person as David Hertz, or did I invent him in order to have a partner in my cogitations? Perhaps he is only a kindly, soothing spirit. But whether he exists or not, we are one. We are one and the same man! At the most we have made two of one, so as to be able to argue about our doubt and despair! We are merely the dramatization of one conscience! But we are neither friends nor foes! In the end we cannot give each other anything! It is a terrible fiasco, a fiendish duel with a mirror!

In "The Idiot," Dostoievsky has two characters who are *not* "the dramatization of one conscience." They are symbols, but they are also human, and Dostoievsky did not have to explain them. Hoff and Hertz, in "The Hero," are, as Hoff almost says, mathematical signs. They are not human, at least in their relation to each other, and therefore require explicit explanation.

The Richard Aldington Poetry Award has been divided this year and goes to E. E. Cummings and Walter Lowenfels. The award goes annually to the ablest young American poet chosen by the editorial committee of the Paris magazine, *This Quarter*, subject to Richard Aldington's approval. The committee did not want the award to go to a poet like Lowenfels who has expressed himself to the effect that poems worth a prize cannot be written to-day. Richard Aldington did, on the basis of Lowenfels's earlier books. So a compromise was effected, and the award was divided.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farrar & Rinehart
9 East 41st Street

Dear Dr. Moore—

We are naturally much interested in your book, *The Case Against Birth Control,* as on the 28th of this month we shall publish Margaret Sanger's autobiography, MY FIGHT FOR BIRTH CONTROL. Probably you do not approve of Mrs. Sanger, and will not be pleased by her book; yet we think you will find it fascinating reading. Even those who, like yourself, have fought Margaret Sanger and her cause for twenty years must admire this fearless woman who overcame persecution just as she overcame poverty and tuberculosis; whose energy and courage and brilliance make her one of the commanding personalities of our day.

Everybody seems to be talking about Katherine Brush's RED HEADED WOMAN, now running in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We shall publish the book on October 3rd. Booksellers tell us it's even better than *Young Man of Manhattan*. Certainly Lil Andrews, the small town beauty with big town ideas, will take her place as a great character in American fiction.

As Mahatma Gandhi approaches London, the Orient grows more and more important. Sherwood Eddy's THE CHALLENGE OF THE EAST, coming on the 24th, is the final word on a vital topic. . . . Upton Sinclair's novel, THE WET PARADE, just published, has already raised howls of fury, but it's selling fast. Sinclair steps on everybody's toes—but they can't help reading him. Thomas Rourke's THUNDER BELOW holds its place as the season's most arresting first novel, and O. Soglow's book of drawings, PRETTY PICTURES, though slightly vulgar, is on display in all the best homes.

Yours very truly,

F. & R.

"NOTHING BUT GENIUS"—

LUCY FURMAN

These quaint stories of Elizabethan Kentucky — interwoven with song, music, and picture— compose one of the most original works of our generation.

"Nothing but genius," writes Lucy Furman, author of *Quare Women,* in her preface to *Devil's Ditties,* "could have conceived the idea of first collecting every kind of ballad, play-song, funeral song, frolic tune, and then fitting each kind into the scene in which it would naturally be used."

"Let me congratulate you."
Irwin S. Cobb

"Fragrant and authentic folk lore."
John T. Frederick

"Impressed me deeply."
Ida M. Tarbell

"A realistic living portrait of life in the Appalachian Mountains."
Dorothy Gordon
author of SING IT YOURSELF

"A captivating portrait of mountain life."
Flem D. Sampson
Governor of Kentucky

Devil's Ditties

Illustrated, $2.50

By Jean Thomas

Published by

W. WILBUR HATFIELD
211 West 68th Street
Chicago

Recent Mystery Stories

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WEBER

"MY PARTICULAR MURDER," by David Sharp (Houghton Mifflin: $2) is not only reasonably clever as a murder story but is decidedly amusing. It is a mystery for the literate. There is a certain grim humor in the discovery of the corpse by a professor of philology who on second thought decides that it is much more important that the lecture he is scheduled to deliver shall start on time than that the machinery of the law be set in motion. The decision is unfortunate, since the professor is suspected of the murder and gets into all sorts of scrapes. He tells his own story in a pleasant offhand style, as if murders and mysterious master criminals and the like were small things in a philologist's life, and the effect is delightful.

To Kenneth McGowan, who collected the twenty-three detective stories in "Sleuths," the 583 page Omnibus book published by Harcourt, Brace ($2.50), must be awarded the palm for a new idea. There have been other good collections of short detective stories, but this is the first *omnium gatherum* of practically all the great sleuths of fiction from Dupin and Sherlock Holmes to Lord Peter Wimsey and Craig Kennedy with, addition extraordinary, a biographical sketch of each detective preceding the tale of his exploits. In some cases the author supplies the biography, in others the editor. They are all done in the proper "Who's Who" manner. We learn, for instance, that the hobbies of Mr. Reginald Fortune are gardening and marionettes, that the blind detective Max Carrados is a numismatist and the author of "Tetradrachms of Syracuse," that Lord Peter Wimsey has in preparation "The Murderer's Vade Mecum, or 101 Ways of Producing Sudden Death" and similar interesting information. The chief attraction, however, is the stories themselves, which are without exception shining examples of the mystery in miniature. It will be a long time before anyone surpasses this collection.

One has but to read a sentence on page 114 of Vernon Loder's "Death of an Editor" (Morrow: $2) to know that the author is English. An official of the Foreign Office, tracing the stolen papers that are a part of the story, bemoans the tendency, presumably uncommon in England, "among newspapers to forget the purveying of news and attempt the purveying of politics." At that Inspector Brews "grinned mildly. *The police have no politics.*" Italics ours. Beyond that statement, outlandish to American readers, the story is entirely credible. It is one of those English country house affairs in which a famous editor is found dead in his study and all the guests—an oddly assorted lot—are suspected. Inspector Brews methodically sifts all the clews and by processes that the reader may follow step by step eventually nabs the murderer and his accomplice. One also learns that dentists are not called "doctor" in England. Who says detective yarns are not instructive?

If "police have no politics" in England one has only to read "In Cold Blood," by Armstrong Livingston (Bobbs-Merrill: $2), to realize that he is back in the Land of the Free. In this tale district attorneys disport themselves in the lowest of dives and connive with criminals to blackmail millionaire daughters and so on. Jimmy Traynor, "ex-burglar detective," and his fellow worker, Tommy Hibbert, the almost too perfect female impersonator, trace the missing letters and clear Jessica Partridge of murder. The action is rapid-fire and the dénoûement surprising.

In "The Silver Scale Mystery," by Anthony Wynne (Lippincott: $2), the portly Dr. Hailey comes into his own again. This is undoubtedly the best Dr. Hailey story since "The Sign of Evil." The scene is a castle in Scotland in which rules a despotic old lady. The old lady is murdered and then in stunning succession two detectives who attempt to trace the murderer are also killed. So subtle is this criminal that not a trace is left behind, and the countryside comes to believe that the crimes are the work of some diabolic visitant who lives in the sea beside the castle and visits the grim old building to work out an ancient curse. But Dr. Hailey is not prey to the old wives' tale and at last solves a mystery which is as thrilling as it is simple in its final explanation.

Philip MacDonald gathers together a garish assortment of characters in his latest Anthony Gethryn story, "The Crime Conductor." Moving-picture stars, actors, actresses, dope fiends, impresarios, all gather under the roof of Willington Sigsbee the famous entrepreneur, who, before the evening is over, has been murdered—presumably drowned in his bath. Colonel Gethryn soon shatters the drowning assumption and proceeds to ferret out the criminal from the evening's visitors. The method used in telling the tale is interesting, the characters extremely well developed, and the conclusion a real smash.

The next two mysteries considered in this cabinet of crime should not be read in succession—though they do clasp hands very prettily for reviewing purposes. The methods used by Inspector French and Lord Peter Wimsey to solve the murders recorded in "Mystery in the English Channel" (Harpers: $2) and "Suspicious Characters" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam: $2) are so similar in their concentration on details—mileage, time tables, miles per hour that motor boats can or cannot go, time it takes an artist to paint a picture of a given scene when he is, or is not, copying the style of a brother artist unfortunately deceased—that the poor old bean fairly whirls before the final page is reached. Mark you, they are both good stories. We go on record here that Dorothy Sayers's book, "Suspicious Characters" (called "The Five Red Herrings" in England, to our mind a much better title), is likely to hold the palm for the best all-round mystery novel of the year, and Freeman Croft's "Mystery in the English Channel," while not quite up to the standard of "Sir John Magill's Last Journey,"' is so small a let-down that it will not disappoint his admirers. "Suspicious Characters" is placed in Scotland (map and all at your disposal), in an artist's colony. All the artists squabble like sparrows, but their concentrated hatred explodes on one Jock Campbell, a bumptious person who is finally killed. There are five suspects—all artists—and the maze that Lord Peter and the Scottish sleuths thread before they pin down the man who murdered the Campbell is among the most intricate in mystery fiction. But you must take it slowly to get real enjoyment out of it.

There are three killings in "Mystery in the English Channel." Two of the corpses are found in a motor launch drifting in the Channel with not another boat in sight, though the bodies are still warm. Every clue that Inspector French runs down comes to a dead end until he notices two slight depressions on the stern of another motor launch that figures in the story, and then the end is near. Beware of depression.

Good Historical Romance

THE BLANKET OF THE DARK. By JOHN BUCHAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $2.50.

NO novelist of our time conjures up more enchantingly great eras of England's—and Scotland's—past than John Buchan, and the primary value of his historical romances is due to the rich and profound order of his scholarship rather than to anything exceptional in his equipment as a writer of pure imagination. He has never, in the historical novel, shown to higher advantage than in his present work, a tale of Cotswold England in the closing years of Henry VIII's reign, England enveloped in the "blanket of the dark," with the avaricious nobles, the starving poor, outcast gentry, thieving adventurers, vagabonds, men of the greenwood, all banding together in revolt against the tyranny of the despot. Mr. Buchan takes the liberty of creating for his hero a character which has no existence in history, a mythical son of that famous Edward, Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1521 without male issue, barbarously executed by his king.

This youth, then known simply as Peter Pentecost, reared in ignorance of his exalted lineage by rustics and priests, is haled from the pious obscurity of his Oxford studies by the revolt's lordly leaders, restored by them to his hereditary rank, raised to the status of contender for the throne, and invested with command of the insurrectionary forces. These stirringly pictured preliminaries of the outbreak of the rebellion prepare the way to the climax of the story, which is brought to pass when into the very heart of his enemies' country, as if casually scornful of their menace to his majesty, scantily attended, rides gargantuan King Henry, a-hunting of the stag. In those memorable closing pages of the book, Peter, alone and separated from his followers, rescues the King from drowning in a flooded forest stream, holds him captive through the night, but in the morning is himself taken captive and sentenced to death by the thankless sovereign. Peter escapes, and there the story ends.

New Books We Recommend

LYAUTEY

By *André Maurois.* The author of "Byron" and "Disraeli" reveals the remarkable life and career of Hubert Lyautey, soldier, Empire Builder, Marshal of France. One of Maurois' finest biographies. $3.00

THE SCANDAL AND CREDULITIES OF JOHN AUBREY

Edited by John Collier. A new edition of Aubrey's classic anecdotes about Seventeenth Century personages, with a brilliant introduction. "One of the most entertaining and illuminating volumes published within recent years."—*London Spectator. Illus.* $2.50

WITH BOB DAVIS HITHER AND YON

By *Robert H. Davis.* A remarkably varied series of travel and character sketches, ranging from a mysterious Banshee to Lawrence of Arabia, in the author's inimitable manner. $2.00

SHORT PLAYS FOR MODERN PLAYERS

Edited by Glenn Hughes. A dozen plays carefully selected for production by amateurs, ranging from domestic farce to fantasy, and including works of several new writers as well as wellknown ones. $2.50

LIVES OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY

Edited by *Rowena Keith Keyes.* Excerpts from famous biographical works of all types—from Boswell and Mrs. Parson's "Garrick" to Maurois' "Disraeli" and Strachey's "Queen Victoria." *Illus.* $2.00

SPEECH PATHOLOGY

By *Lee Edward Travis.* A leading authority discusses the causes of stuttering and covers all other types of speech disorders with specific diagnosis and treatment. $4.00

These are Appleton Books

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York City

YALE

The Dilemma of Religious Knowledge

By Charles A. Bennett

A vital development of the thesis that "there can be no substitute for a philosophy of religion." "It has cut beneath the superficialities of current religious theory." Christian Century. $2.00

The Crosses and Culture of Ireland

By Arthur Kingsley Porter

A study of the elements of Irish religious art and its relation to the early customs and ideas of the Irish people. *Illustrated* $15.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

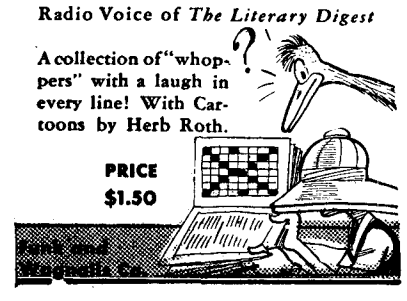
TALL STORIES

By LOWELL THOMAS

Radio Voice of *The Literary Digest*

A collection of "whoppers" with a laugh in every line! With Cartoons by Herb Roth.

PRICE $1.50



Funk & Wagnalls Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIC AMERICANS

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

author of "American Estimates"

A critical study of eminent American writers of the "classic period"—from the Revolution to the Civil War. Dr. Canby views their work against social backgrounds, as literature, as the records of the American imagination rather than as so much historical document. Prefaced by a survey of colonial literature, the full studies of Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Poe, and Whitman are vital estimates—many of them differing radically from current opinion—of the part these great figures played in the first half-century of our national consciousness. $3.50

THE CORN KING AND THE SPRING QUEEN

by NAOMI MITCHISON

author of "The Conquered"

Dr. Canby, in the leading article of last week's SATURDAY REVIEW, recognizes Naomi Mitchison's new novel as one of those efforts of the re-creative imagination which now and again—all too infrequently— bursts upon the reader's vision, calling into insistent actuality civilizations long passed away, clothing people long dead with living flesh. Sigrid Undset's KRISTIN LAVRANDSDATTER was such a book. THE CORN KING AND THE SPRING QUEEN, by a writer whose career has been followed by a devoted and steadily increasing group of enthusiasts, is another.
721 pages, $3.75

BASQUE PEOPLE
Dorothy Canfield

By the author of "The Deepening Stream." Stories of the Basques, taken from their life today and from their curious ancient past, reveal the character of a little known race. $2.50

IN KRUSACK'S HOUSE
Thames Williamson

"More simply told than *Hunky,* and as powerful in its emotional appeal."—*Harry Emerson Wildes, Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.00

ALBERT GROPE
F. O. Mann

"Long, delightful English novel of character and caricature and Dickensian humor, spiced with genial satire."—*N. Y. Times.* September Choice of the Book League of America. $2.50

S. S. SAN PEDRO
James Gould Cozzens

"Not only a fine story; a work of art, with all the human interest that assures long life to a book."—*N. Y. Times.* September Choice of the Book of the Month Club. $1.50

GREEN MEMORY
M. Barnard Eldershaw

A novel of Australian life in the nineteenth century, by the collaborating authors whose "A House Is Built" attracted wide attention. $2.00

AMERICAN POETRY
FROM THE BEGINNING TO WHITMAN

edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Companion Volume to "Modern American Poetry"

This companion anthology to MODERN AMERICAN POETRY offers a wholly new survey of American poetry from the first colonial efforts to Walt Whitman. It discovers new values and reverses many accepted standards. The New England School—Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow—hallowed by 19th century opinion and ridiculed by the early 20th century, is re-established. Neglected poems of the more famous are represented, and the work of many significant poets, previously almost unknown, is emphasized. The largest collection in the field, it is also the first to include American Indian poetry, Spanish-colonial verse, Negro spirituals, "Blues," Work-Songs, Backwoods Ballads, Songs of the Cowboys, and City Gutturals. A work of rediscovery, it furnishes, together with MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, a complete panorama of our native verse, from a fresh, authoritative point of view. *Over* 350 *poems, with critcial and biographical essays,* 827 *pages.* $3.50

THE BROWN DECADES

by LEWIS MUMFORD

author of "The Golden Day," "Sticks and Stones"

The first complete appraisal of the arts in America during the period 1865-1895—The Brown Decades—for years stigmatized for "bad taste." Such a study, coming from Lewis Mumford, foremost critic of American culture, is bound to be startling, constructive, important. It does for the arts what "The Golden Day" did for literature. He discovers in the pioneer work of the Brown Decades the beginnings of America's artistic integrity; in the building conceptions of Richardson, Root, Sullivan, and Roebling; in the landscape improvement of Olmsted and Eliot; in the paintings of Winslow Homer, Eakins, and Ryder. These exhibit our "buried Renaissance," and are related to everything significant today. Mr. Mumford's book is of vital interest to those who wish to know the beginnings of all that New York and the great cities of America have accomplished in architecture and the other arts. *Illustrated,* $3.00

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS RABELAIS
The Urquhart and Motteux Translation, edited by Albert Jay Nock and Catherine R. Wilson

The outstanding achievement in translation in English literature, next to the King James Bible, is the Urquhart-Motteux translation of Rabelais, which has been out of print for years. In presenting a new edition, the editors have worked in the light of modern scholarship, and have made a reader's text, complete, convenient, easy to read. RABELAIS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, the recent book by Mr. Nock and Miss Wilson, is reprinted as an introduction. *Profusely illustrated,* 1,000 *pages,* 2 *vols.* $15.00

CREATIVE CRITICISM
J. E. Spingarn

A book that has profoundly influenced American literary ideals, now in an enlarged edition. "More apposite now than when it first appeared."—*Outlook.* $2.00

THE HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE
Francesco de Sanctis

One of the supreme works of literary history, this is, in fact, a history of the spiritual life of the Italian people, interspersed with superb criticism of Italy's great writers. It has influenced Italian national life in the most diverse ways; from it Mussolini drew inspiration for the Fascist system; from it Benedetto Croce developed his system of aesthetics. Those who connect histories of literature with dull lists of facts will find the reading of this book a novel spiritual adventure. 2 vols., $7.50

383 MADISON AVENUE HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The outstanding love tale of the season."—H. E. Wildes, Phila. Ledger.

by HONORE W. MORROW

BLACK DANIEL

The Love Story of a Great Man

TO the world he was Daniel Webster, but his intimates knew him as "Black Daniel," handsome, magnetic, impetuous, a loyal friend, an audacious and passionate lover. The great romance of his life was with the lovely and high-spirited Caroline LeRoy, who not only returned his love but aroused him to fresh realization of his duty to his country. The story is fascinating drama, played against the background of America a hundred years ago. *By the author of "Forever Free," etc.* $2.50

FRANK SWINNERTON writes: *"A marvelous book . . . most exciting, saddening, horrifying and amazing, and full of beauties."*

THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE

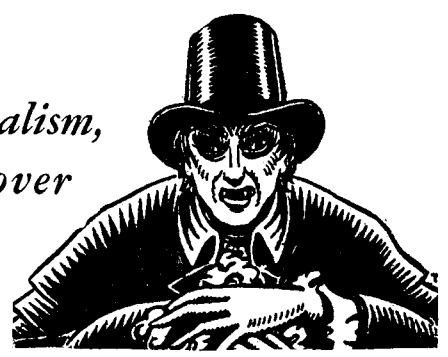
by Sophie Botcharsky *and* Florida Pier

THE true experience of a young Russian girl as a nurse in the Great War. Sophie Botcharsky joined the Russian army at the outbreak of hostilities. Through her eyes we watch the first impetuous onslaught, the German attack on Warsaw, the grim retreat. And, finally, the Revolution! Throughout the story runs a warm and moving romance.

Sophie Botcharsky loves people. She has humor and poetic vision. Her book is not only stirring narrative, but an intimate and fascinating revelation of Russian character and life. *With a frontispiece portrait.* $3.00

William Morrow & Co., 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

If in the midst of realism, you long to recover Stevenson's magic spell ---read this:



. . . again the long drawn howl of the wolfhound echoed through the startled street. . . . Dropping my dressing gown where I stood, I pulled on my greatcoat, snatched up my sword-cane and led Felicity noiselessly out of the house. From the alley we saw the watch clatter up the street, their lanterns swinging, their halberds at the slope. We were not fifty yards from my uncle's house when with a low cry, Felicity shrank against me . . .

You will find out more about that fearful night in the eerie romance of witch-hunting days, "The Wolf in the Garden."

"An excellent story, told in the good romantic style, with a lively imagination. It deserves success."—*William Lyon Phelps.*

THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN

by Alfred H. Bill $2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN

Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

GEORGE DILLON in "The Flowering Stone" (Viking) and Alan Porter in "The Signature of Pain" (John Day) are two of the younger poets who arrest our attention. Both are beautifully adequate craftsmen. This is Dillon's second book and this is the first of Alan Porter, the latter a volume that has already been fervently acclaimed in England where certain of Porter's work has appeared in English reviews. He is, however, an American, born in Indianapolis and now returned to this country as a student and teacher of Adlerian psychology. Porter's work is more mature by force of scholarship and "tightly knit philosophic thinking," to borrow the phrase of W. Force Stead, one of those who have furnished commendatory verses in a garland hung on the portal of his book. Yet there is still a certain young vivacity to Dillon's poetry that also startles and waylays—a "honeysuckle scent not lost," to borrow his own words in his contemplation of the strangeness of love that does not die—a sense of being deeply pierced by the world's beauty. Dillon occasionally stammers in the vehemence of what he has to say. Porter does not; and, for all Dillon's references to it, Porter has a deeper sense of life's irony. Particularly in the ironies of love he is completely versed, while Dillon is still its rhapsodist. This is said merely to point a difference between the two temperaments, not to express a criticism of either.

To begin with it is stimulating to discover two poets who cherish the high regard these have for language. Both are accomplished in traditional forms—the return from free verse is marked in these changing days; Dillon takes more liberties with rhyme, occasionally with fine success, and I find in him the greater range of rhythm. On the other hand Porter's greater concision and, occasionally, an almost miraculous certainty of accent are superlative gifts. A certain exuberance in Dillon's work shows him the American, while the greater strictness, in general, of Porter's phrase is the sign of his English training. Again in general survey, the epithet of Porter, while more traditional, is often so exact as to awake enthusiastic recognition. Let us examine first what the younger man, Dillon, as I take him to be, expresses in his work.

His book is divided into four sections, of which the second, "Anatomy of Death," seems to me to be the most important. It is composed of seven linked poems. The second of these, in turn, is quite a remarkable address to the mind; but it is the fourth and by far the longest poem that gathers a most striking momentum. In it the "dreamer in a dream" anatomizes death, first defining himself as follows:

But some are naked, or they have
No habit but the heavy grave.
They walk unbowed, but bear defeat
Intrinsic in their bodies' weight.
They do not bleed, but entertain
Disaster in the circling vein.
They love and kiss, but they are born
To love the lion or unicorn—
All things impossible and perverse.
They are the spirit's amateurs
On whom time's clothing sits awry
And frets like fetters. Such was I:
Wherefore I studied how to die.

He hunts "the quarry unseen, unheard." Upon examination death becomes but "a double dream," he reconciles "The spirit's or the body's care," realizes that the pursuit of vision is never done, and ends with an adjuration to mankind to "endure the dazzling dream unblurred." This is a stirring attempt at a great mystical poem. It does not wholly succeed, but suggests real vision. In the sixth poem of this section there is another remarkable attempt to interpret human lovers to themselves, to follow the physical "from time's vile ruins beyond the temporal." I have space but to quote the following which indicates the drive of the verse:

Here was no idle fetch for breeding woe
To a woeful house, or pride to a proud estate—
Not merely tenderness, though that is much,
Nor the loins' luxury, though that is great.
Say rather, here was such longing as would have known
A million times more beauty than the body could touch.

That betokens unusual insight. There are beautiful poems in Dillon's book. There are "Fabric of Light," "She Sleeps," "This Dream Is Strange," "Who Track the Truth," and others; and several of the sonnets are memorable. The last stanza of the lyric "Woman without Fear," is one of which any poet of love, living or dead, might properly be proud. But in "Anatomy of Death" this young man has given promise of larger work than he has yet attempted. One is persuaded in it of his growing stature.

To open "The Signature of Pain," after such discussion, is to find Porter's emphasis immediately placed, not upon the dream of love in its ecstasy but upon the fact that

big passions
Are coarse; by flattery of hands or words
They lull themselves asleep—and that's no love.
For love's a combat in the wilderness.
No two communicate in love. No two
But curse each other and go clean mad.

These words he puts into the mouth of a lover whom he styles a fool, being "argumentative in love"; and it is interesting to note for comparison that Dillon's poem, quoted from above, ends with the unconscionable dream of the lovers thus dissolving who

Would have possessed the sun, the stars, the moon —
But fell asleep too soon.

The first section of Porter's book is "A Sequence of Love Poems," the initial one having an almost Shakespearian touch. In it there is full maturity of observation. More ceremonious than Dillon's are these poems—and more seasoned with salt; ceremonious, as Porter remarks in "A Plea that Shame be Forgotten,"

Let him that beds a princess fear
To show himself too free,
And ceremoniously draw near:
There should between true lovers be
An excellent immodesty.

Almost that is the earlier Dean of St. Paul's *redivivus!* And the changes rung on Marlowe's famous lyric, that follow, to charm to sleep the dragon-eyed intellect, combine modernity with the antique to "build a pragmatic paradise." But "Love in Constancy" would find "Love's honor is no whim."

He makes himself, by prayer and fasting,
Constant: and love is everlasting.

Then comes the title-poem, in which the man the anatomists would confute, descries the divinity of pain and cries with a great accent:

Mortals, dismembered into time, conceive
The motion of her presence fragmentary,
With generation, flowering, and decay.
In her own royalty she is pure and constant
She is the fire that burns within the waters,
Breathes, and by music of its breath creates
Dancing and trembling in the elements

So pain blends into "The Shining of Peace" for lovers "bitter and most afraid."

"The Window" is a delicately beautiful nine-line statement. The longer "Love's Fragility" and "Valediction" are almost perfectly wrought in their ceremonious measures. Section two, "Intellect and Fantasy," is more various, and the quality which J. Isaacs, in an introductory poem, has referred to as making Porter "in mood and music Coleridge's peer," (while the praise is too high—as it would be too high for anyone living!) is still recognizable in "The Transit of Joy," though "Asaph" is a better poem. The dialogue between the old and new Phoenixes has even greater magic; and the unheeded address of the fire to the white cat dozing by the fireside, a brief interlude, I found wholly delightful. "Museum" is positively eerie, and "The Leopard" (in spite of the inconceivable introduction of Roosevelt) finely eccentric.

There is remembrance of "imperishable worlds" in "When from this Alien Multitude," and starkly stated disillusionment in "The Fool of Faith," a striking contrast of moods on opposite pages. "Summer Bathing" is a reminiscence excellently communicating fond youthful terror, while Hadrian's *animula vagula* and an examination of the "complicated conscience" of Dean Inge are like to become two of my fixed favorites. "Harriette Wilson" is a subtle feminine study and "The Poet's Journey" satisfyingly saline.

The last section contains "Earlier Poems." "Death" and "Three Immortalities" dwell on that clinging to identity that possesses youth in its contemplation of what death may do to the personality.

Mr. Porter's first book will in many ways reward to the lover of poetry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

J. A. H., Somerville, Mass., says, "In a magazine this summer I found, subverted to the purposes of advertising, the following synopsis: 'You may remember the story which tells of a blacksmith in a little English village . . . how a certain old novel fell into his hands . . . and how in the long summer evenings, his work over, he would sit upon his anvil and read the book aloud to the assembled villagers. When at last, after many an evening's reading, the hero and heroine were brought together and their future happiness assured, the villagers were so delighted as to break into loud shouts, and procuring the church keys, set the parish bells to ringing in their jubilance.' What I would like to find is the story of the blacksmith and his reading, if it exists outside the imagination of the copywriter. The utter belief and complete loss of self in the story heard is a quality we all need to recapture in these days when we know too much about possibilities, probabilities, and processes of story and book making."

I HAVE sometimes marvelled at the outburst of relief on the part of the blacksmith of Slough and his friends, who, when they had assured themselves in the course of their nightly reading that young Pamela the serving maid was really going to marry the master, could express their delight in no less circumscribed fashion than by ringing the church bells.

I say I marvelled, for anyone could have seen with half an eye that she was bound to get him; not an earthquake could have made her let go. But the burghers of Slough had so taken the part of Pamela that, once certain of Virtue's Reward, only campanology could express their feelings. Oh, well, who would not take an interest in a little maid who bought "two pretty enough round ear'd Caps, a little Straw Hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens turn'd up with white Calicoe," and "when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in two Hours for two Days together."

For the book is, as you have already recognized, Samuel Richardson's "Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded," of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* said in 1741 that it was "judged in Town as great a sign of Want of Curiosity not to have read 'Pamela' as not to have seen the French and Italian Dancers," and if you would bring back the stir and bustle it created, you have but to go through Amy Cruse's "The Shaping of English Literature" (Crowell) and in the chapter "The Novel-Readers" see how "at Slough the blacksmith, having procured a copy, read it aloud to the villagers who gathered around his fire to hear it, and when the book was finished and Pamela married they were so transported that nothing could stop them from going to the church and ringing a joyous peal upon the bells." The books of Amy Cruse are not so well known here as they should be; she has a way of correlating the literature of a period with its social life, so that you see what the audience had to do with the product. This was the first one to be published here; then came "The Englishman and His Books" (Crowell), a delightfully amusing record of what people read in the early nineteenth century—not only bookish people—and now comes the best introduction to English literature for the use of a child that I yet have seen: "The Golden Road in English Literature" (Crowell). This is a large volume with many colored pictures; the story puts each famous book into its appropriate social setting, so that one moves steadily through the course of English history as well as that of literature; the style is straightforward, without condescension, but ingratiating. It gives children what Taine gave older readers, a general sense of the continuity of literature in England and a desire to go on reading great books from which so many quotations are made.

T. H. R., New York, asks if there is some work on economics that will give a young person some idea of the general principles involved in budgeting and investing out of a salary. He can get this idea from more than one text-book, but I have just been reading a little book called "How to Spend Your Money," by Ernest McCullough (Cape-Smith), which presents it simply, clearly, and in positive rather than negative advice—as one might guess from the fact that the title is not "How to Save Your Money." There are chapters on such subjects as investment of rent money, banks, savings and bonds, real estate and stocks, and the language is non-technical. There is a new edition of Stuart Chase's "Your Money's Worth" (Macmillan), which fits in here; the price is now one dollar, so if there is anyone in the country who has not yet read this famous and provocative work, he can get his money's worth for less money.

W. C. M., Cincinnati, O., asks about a book that preserves and communicates some of the charm of Edinburgh. I never saw a photograph of the Athens of the North that gave the least idea of what it looks like; this may be the reason why Americans emerging for the first time from the underground station of the "Flying Scotsman" look about them wildly, blinking complete disbelief. Nothing could, they think, be really so fiercely, lyrically lovely as what they see, looking across the cleft that cuts the city. The book whose pictures give me the best idea of Edinburgh is not illustrated with photographs but with sixteen color plates by Katharine Cameron: it is Flora Grierson's "Haunting Edinburgh," a Bodley Head publication sold here by Dodd, Mead, and the text, beautifully printed, is worthy of the pictures. Not to make a reading-list on the city, which would overcrowd this column, I cannot leave out "The Perambulator in Edinburgh," by James Bone (Knopf), with pictures by E. S. Lumsden; "Edinburgh," by R. L. S. (Scribner), an edition with colored pictures; and Elizabeth Grierson's "Things Seen in Edinburgh" (Dutton), a little book often used as a guide and reminder on the spot.

C. B., Erie, Pa., asks for a book to serve as a course of study on Modern Drama or on Modern Poetry, for a group of twelve young women. "A Study of Modern Drama," by Barrett Clark (Appleton), is comprehensive, clear, and planned with this purpose in mind. "Ten Modern Poets," by Rica Brenner (Harcourt, Brace), is excellent for young people; the poets are both English and American and of types so diverse that each young seeker may find his own.

H. R. G., New York, is taking a family to France for a year's "economic vacation." "We plan to rent a small place and do our own work with the aid of a *femme de ménage*. Is there a good, simple cookbook on *la cuisine bourgeoise?* English preferred, but French if necessary." There is an excellent one in English, which can be used just as well on French or American soil; reading the recipes is enough to set up a case of Gallic nostalgia. It specializes in what this establishment calls "good old family fillers," like onion soup. It is "French Home Cooking," by Claire de Pratz (Dutton). This correspondent, in exchange, sent me for inspection copies of two directly useful aids to the study of French without a teacher; "Apprenons la Grammaire (seul et sans peine!)," by Tribouillois and Rousset (Delegrave, 15 Rue Soufflot, Paris), and "Some Stumbling-Blocks of the French Language" (Librairie Hachette). The latter is for those who are past the rudiments but still bogle over matters quite simple if you get them right side up. For instance, there are several pages of things you had better not say (in red) with the "little more but how much it is" that makes what you should say instead, and in another chapter you are shown how to distinguish between *une serviette propre* and *ma propre serviette*, or between a *histoise vraie* and *une vraie histoire*. Another good point is the inclusion of ten pages of names of popular types and characters continually mentioned in French books, newspapers, or oratory, but less well known in other countries; knowing these, brightens spots in French discussion otherwise dark.

D. M. B., Pittsburgh, Pa., says:

Among the collections of letters for *D. B. C., Brookline, Mass.*, I wonder if you have considered E. V. Lucas's 'The Friendly Craft.' Possibly this is now out of print, but it is one of the most interesting compilations of the kind I have ever found.

D. M. B. adds "David Blaize" to the school list—as several others have done, and goes on:

I'm so glad to learn of the publication of "The Complete Stalky," which for some reason I have missed and which will now promptly be added to my library—it will be so nice to have all the stories about this very old friend in one cover.

New MACMILLAN Books

HAMLIN GARLAND

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL

By the author of A SON of the MIDDLE BORDER

This book is the story of Mr. Garland's literary pilgrimage from 1900 to 1914. He presents a faithful, delightful record of the enthusiasms, fashions, and developments of American literature, art and culture in that age without jazz. The celebrities of the time walk, talk and sparkle through his pages, for he met and knew almost everyone of importance and recorded their words and his impressions. Anecdotes and tales of his own adventures are also sprinkled liberally through the narrative. This intimate view of the decade before the World War will entertain you. $2.50

MAHATMA GANDHI

at Work; More of His Own Story

Edited by C. F. ANDREWS

This second volume of Gandhi's autobiography shows him at work forging and testing the weapon of passive resistance by which he has become one of the most powerful leaders of the world today. $2.50

New Novels

ONE NIGHT IN SANTA ANNA

By THOMAS WASHINGTON-METCALFE

This is a pure adventure yarn of the first water. Aloysius O'Callaghan, genial Irish millionaire with vast interests in South America, his young wife, Captain Strongbow, a Latin-American politician, and a decadent writer and artist, are entangled in a mesh of circumstances which will entertain you to the end. $2.00

THE GOLOVLYOV FAMILY

By M. E. SHCHEDRIN

Prince Mirsky, in his history of Russian literature, writes: "*The Golovlyov Family* is a book that places Shchedrin in the very front line of Russian realistic novelists." Translation by Natalie A. Duddington. $2.00

New Poetry

JAMES STEPHENS

STRICT JOY and Other Poems

The author of *The Crock of Gold* displays all the most characteristic qualities of his gift of song. $1.25

MARY HOXIE JONES

ARROWS OF DESIRE

This collection will introduce American readers to a new poet who has a fresh lyric gift and a sensitive ear. $1.50

Best Sellers

STUART CHASE

MEXICO

In collaboration with MARIAN TYLER

"He has made a unique and invaluable contribution to current enlightenment."—Ernest Gruening in *The Saturday Review*. $3.00

LEWIS BROWNE

SINCE CALVARY

"Those who liked *This Believing World* will like *Since Calvary* even better."—*Saturday Review*. $3.50

Important New Books

ROME and the ROMANS

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

A survey and interpretation of Roman life and institutions which aim to give the reader an understanding of a great civilization in which modern culture is rooted. Approximately two hundred illustrations. $5.00

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, Editor-in-Chief

With the publication of volume V, the *Encyclopaedia* has become more definitely useful for every student in the broad field of the social sciences. If you have not already subscribed for the complete set of fifteen volumes, order it today and receive each volume as it is issued.

Price $7.50 per vol.

Obtainable at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Ave. ~ NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books You Should Know About

HARPER & BROTHERS 49 EAST 33RD STREET NEW YORK CITY

Leonard Wood
A Biography
***By* HERMANN HAGEDORN**

"A work which belongs on the shelves of every well-selected library. It is a picture of an inspiring character and the history of a little understood epoch." —*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

Illustrated 2 volumes $10.00

The Reckless Duke
***By* SIR PHILIP GIBBS**

The romantic story of the first Duke of Buckingham and the Stuart court —a vivid recreation of those colorful days by the noted author of *Now It Can Be Told* and *Since Then.*

Illustrated $4.00

Forty Stay In
***By* JOHN W. VANDERCOOK**

In this, his first full-length novel, the author of *Black Majesty* tells a gripping story of the strange West African Coast and the spell it casts on the lives of a white man and woman who meet and love there. $2.50

The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse
***By* EVAN CHARTERIS, K. C.**

"This is a substantial book, but it is one of the few biographies I have read of which I have thought, after finishing it, that I wished it had been twice as long."—J. C. SQUIRE.

22 *illustrations.* $5.00

The Glories of Venus
***By* SUSAN SMITH**

"Her warm feminine writing combined with Orozco's very male drawings plunks you right out in the sunshine and dust of the adobe street in front of the gaudily decorated pulqueria. Las Glorias de Venus."—JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Illustrated.* $2.50

The Prince of Scandal
***By* GRACE E. THOMPSON**

A delightfully outspoken picture of George IV, his amours and his mistresses. "It is an almost unbelievable tale."—*The Outlook.* "Such impertinence in forcing the muse of history to curtesy to the witch of tattle is enjoyable and rousing."—LAURENCE STALLINGS. *Illustrated.* $4.00

● ● ●

5 Notable Best Sellers

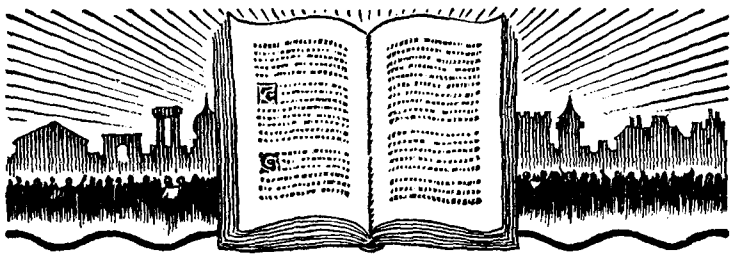
SUSAN SPRAY
By Sheila Kaye-Smith $2.50

BROTHERS IN THE WEST
By Robert Raynolds $2.50

MAN'S OWN SHOW: CIVILIZATION
By George A. Dorsey $5.00

JOHN HENRY
By Roark Bradford $2.50

THE OPENING OF A DOOR
By George Davis $2.50



"This is a perfectly splendid book ...bound in gold leaf and worth its weight in the same metal"

That is the valuation placed on *The Golden Thread* by ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD in *The Outlook.* He says: "How can anyone have the courage to undertake what Philo M. Buck ... has actually done in his book of the season in the noblest sense of the word, *The Golden Thread?* For in this treatise of 552 pages, bound in gold leaf and worth its weight in the same metal, Professor Buck has ably analyzed, soundly interpreted, and sanely evaluated full three thousand years of literature—from Homer to Hardy... This is a perfectly splendid book..."

"Lovers of literature," says the *New York Sun,* "will read this book with interest, for it comes from the hand of a master in literary criticism. Especially the three chapters on the Greeks will excite the reader's enthusiasm...Within the limits he has set himself, Prof. Buck has fashioned a delightful piece of craftsmanship." $4.00

The Golden Thread
By PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ ~ ~ NEW YORK

Points of View
D. Juan Valera

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

From 1883 to 1886 Spain's minister to the United States was D. Juan Valera, a famous critic, poet, diplomat and above all novelist—the author of "Pepita Jiménez." One of the most discreet of men, Valera in his lifetime kept his real opinions hidden from the public under a veil of unfaltering urbanity. But very recently a few of his naked thoughts have been exposed to light in a volume of his intimate letters to a friend, Menéndez Pelayo, the critic ("Epistolario de Valera y Menéndez Pelayo," Madrid, 1930). Students of American literature will surely be interested to learn how some of our Victorian authors were judged by this seasoned connoisseur of world literatures, ancient and modern.

Upon his arrival in this country he enumerated the writers he had heard of, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Emerson, etc., and added, "The only one I have read at all is named Henry James, a critic and novelist; I know him only as a critic, and as such, agreeable and sane, but in no way unusual." A year and a half later he could write, "There are plenty of poets here, and some excellent, all well nigh unknown in Spain. To my thinking the best is John Greenleaf Whittier, he is difficult, but I hope to translate or adapt something of his. He writes narrative verse, but is most passionate and eloquent in the religio-philanthropic lyric." It is the religious side of Whittier which most attracts this Catholic: "Whittier is a sort of very tender, pious Quaker. I send you a translation of a poem based on a passage in the 'Soliloquies of St. Augustine,' book VII. As the author, though a heretic, drew inspiration from so pure and health-giving a source, I don't think these verses depart from Catholic truth and Christian morals; on the contrary, they seem to me to express both." Again: "Although a Quaker, in his best and most elevated pieces he rises above sectarian spirit, and is as loftily and broadly Catholic as Manzoni. There is in him greater ardor of charity toward all human beings, more sublime hope and deeper faith in the moral and religious progress of the world, under the banner of Christ." Valera's correspondent, Menéndez Pelayo, replied with equal enthusiasm, exclaiming over the "beauties of Whittier's poems, profoundly mystic and profoundly Christian. It is a pity that this great poet is not known among us, who are now so void of true religious inspiration."

Valera made extensive verse translations from Lowell. "Whittier and Russell Lowell are, in my opinion, the best poets here; Whittier feels more deeply, and Lowell, scarcely behind him in this, is more erudite, polished, correct, classical and profound. Lowell, besides being an excellent poet, is a scholar, critic, philosopher and prose-writer of the first rank, not inferior to England's best."

The third poet whom Valera sampled in verse was Story, "sculptor, painter, lawyer, novelist, architect, a little of everything. And he does everything well."

Valera got on rather well with the Americans. "The Yankees," he wrote, "are not, as we think in Spain, a people of pure Anglo-Saxon extraction, they are a mixture of everything, and so, with their cosmopolitan spirit, are open to all kinds of doctrines, sentiments, ideas and poetry." "In my belief, if there is a difference between the Yankees and the English, the former are more human, more European, more cosmopolitan of soul, and absorb foreign elements quicker than the English." But, in a less benevolent mood: "I am constantly amazed at the strange freaks of eccentricity and at the crimes of this people. When barbarians by chance attain to civilization, they are deranged and corrupted to a greater extent than a race that has been civilized for centuries."

Valera was always a favorite with the fair sex, and though sixty years old he made vivid friendships in Washington as elsewhere. He was adaptable. "Women here are better informed than in Spain. I know some who have memorized half the English Parnassus, and philosophers besides, and Greek and Latin poets." And, like all visitors at that time, he was astonished at American freedom of manners: "Relations with women are easy and pleasant here because when a girl reaches the age of twenty she is emancipated; she can act like a man, and goes wherever she likes with anyone she likes, on foot or horse, in carriage, train or boat, by day or by night."

S. G. MORLEY.

University of California.

EUGÈNE DABIT

What André Maurois said of *Hotel du Nord* ("a book that has grandeur"), is still true. It is not just one more book of a familiar *genre* in which a hotel gives an excuse for gathering together a group of essentially unrelated character sketches and labeling the result, *a novel.* The people at the Hotel du Nord are "conventional," claims one reviewer. To be sure they are. Whom else would you expect to find living in a little run down hotel on the banks of a canal in Paris, but a penniless artist, a prostitute or two, a perfumed youth, two old maid sisters, a pregnant girl, a tubercular, and a sprinkling of alcoholics. Conventional, perhaps, but very real. And in agreement with the above, *The N. Y. Herald Tribune* remarks of M. Dabit and this book, which incidentally won the Prix du Roman Populiste with its 5000-franc cup, "To some the author gives bravado; to others, stoicism; to a few despair. All of them are little silhouettes which he cuts from the stuff of life to illustrate its seamy side. The book has a light, syncopated cadence which, for some reason, heightens the tragic implication. It neither smudges nor yet varnishes its reality. It gives you a barefaced simple truth."

HOTEL DU NORD
By Eugène Dabit

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

$2.50 *at all* BORZOI BOOKS *bookshops*

Complex . . . plausible . . . exciting. Few will guess the solution.
N. Y. Times.

G. D. H. & Margaret COLE

The WALKING CORPSE

Dead in a hotel room—with his head tied against a bed-post. Who was he? Why was he killed? Supt. Wilson finds out. $2.00

Morrow Mystery

"Holy Jees! Mister, please! Can't we have some new rhymes?"—ends one of these poems and strikes the note of—

AND THEN WHAT
By Paul James

who "marvels at the attitudes of those who smile at platitudes," who epitomizes sex with—"To caress and undress and form habits like rabbits," and who, besides being responsible for the words of such popular song hits as *Can't We Be Friends?* and *Fine and Dandy*, shows himself in this volume to be a poet of feeling and unusual talent.

at all bookshops $2.00

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·N·Y·

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

LITERARY CRITICISM IN AMERICA. By GEORGE E. DE MILLE. Dial. 1931.

This "preliminary survey" of American literary criticism differs from Professor Foerster's more ambitious volume by being just what the words state, a survey rather than an exhaustive study of a group of American critics. But, though modest, it is by no means meagre. Beginning (a little late for a study of the American mind) with the group that edited *The North American Review* in the first three decades of the nineteenth century, it surveys, correlates, and analyzes the critical movements in the United States from colonialism to iconoclasm, and on to the struggle between philosophical realism and philosophical idealism now being waged. Mr. De Mille has knowledge, insight, and, especially, good sense. He says nothing startlingly new, but he brings together, for the first time, the new perspectives in which since the early nineteen hundreds we have looked at American criticism, and makes a coherent plan for the whole. The merits of his book are likely to be underestimated rather than overpraised, because he writes quietly and competently, not with heat and excitement, and seeks historical truth rather than leadership in a school of opinion. His book is a really valuable contribution to what may be called the twentieth century estimate of American literary history.

Fiction

CAMEOS. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Appleton. 1931. $2.

In the less than three hundred pages of this volume there are fifty-three brief narratives. Perhaps the publisher's description of them, "short short stories," is as good as any. They have the snap ending, the contemporaneity, the vivid local coloring, that we are most familiar with in O. Henry. Their literary excellence is considerably below their technical dexterity, for Mr. Cohen gives himself no leisure for breadth or depth. Everything is sacrificed for the tag line, and usually he does a good job within the limitations of the form. A few of the stories are obvious, some are forced, and occasionally he repeats a formula before we have had time enough to forget. But the volume decidedly has its good points. It could very well go on the bed table in the guest room.

THE POOCH. By ROSS SANTEE. Illustrated by the Author. Cosmopolitan. 1931. $2.

Canine fiction, with the dog himself the narrator, goes best in the form of the short story, but when it is spun out to the length of a dog's autobiographical novel, the product is liable to prove repetitious and a little wearying. Spike, the historian of his own early years in a Western small town and the cattle country, is an incorrigible mischief-maker, chicken killer, baiter of his fellow dogs, tormentor of cats, cows, and horses. As a hopeless hard case, his master farms Spike out to the cowboys in hopes that life with them on the range will provide the pestiferous terrier with fitting activity for his exuberant spirits. And there, in the open spaces, standing up to mountain lions, bears, rampaging bulls, and other antagonists worthy of his mettle, Spike time and again proves his heroic strain. Mr. Santee's dog psychology, in so far as Spike is concerned, seems fairly plausible and convincing, but it seems scarcely logical that Spike alone, and none of his numerous four-legged companions, should be gifted with understanding of human speech and comprehension of man's ways. At any rate, the author has spared us the familiar, fantastic business of permitting the dogs to converse among themselves.

THE POSSESSED. By *Fyodor Dostoievsky*. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 2 vols. 90 cents each.

HETTY WESLEY. By *Sir Arthur Quiller Couch*. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 90 cents.

Juvenile

GAY MADELON. By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

THE word "tourist" has not a pleasant connotation, but "we all serve the tourists, one way or another—you should see the homespun my mother makes to sell to them, blankets and scarfs and rugs," and the children carry bags and bundles, and sing "Sur le Pont" for pennies: in the Province of Quebec new and old are for once pleasantly allied in the cheerful, workaday, yet holiday atmosphere of French Canada. To this reviewer, just back from that scene of river and cliffs and high fields in true French patchwork rolling up to the blue billows of the Laurentians, this little story rings very true and clear. It is clearly written, without sentimentality, but with much feeling for a free, sane environment where a national integrity still holds its own, without effort or antagonism, against modernity, and modernity by the same token takes its pleasure pure and unspoiled. Quebec itself is too far off for the roisterers who degrade Montreal, and St. Alphonse on the Saguenay, whence Madelon sets sail down the river in all the flurry of a first voyage and first visit, is a far cry farther still—a sketch shows Madelon as a true little French girl, with apron and flying cape. (Ilse Bischoff's illustrations catch the tone of the book well, being both simple and spirited). At Tadoussac there are tourists and blueberries and the Indian Chapel, and Madelon's singing and dancing eventually bring her to the Château itself in Quebec, before a shining audience. This helps toward the happy solving of various difficulties, but is just a bit too touristy, yet one must admit that no one, least of all Madelon, could think of the Château Frontenac as a mere hotel. For once the optimism that grows so lushly in juveniles is a natural thing—a little girl should live cheerfully in the Province of Quebec. And the happy ending seems as suitable as the "forever after" of a fairy-tale.

THE GOODWINS. By ALICE DINSMORE. Boston: Meador. 1931. $2.

The first print of this book is an account by one of its children of a family migrant from Boston to Illinois in what was still the pioneering period. The second part is a sort of guide to present-day New Mexico, California, and New Orleans in the form of letters. A curious book, stiff and genuine, ill-assorted and dry with too many facts—Europe appearing, through the talk of a very cultural aunt at absurdly long distance!

SOMETHING TO DO. By LUELLA LYONS. Knopf. 1931. $2.

Two ingenious children have a good time transforming sponges into dolls, gourds into sail boats, etc. Perhaps in some instances the question may arise: what is the earthly use of the result, practically or artistically? But the creative pleasure of ingenuity equals the crossword puzzle in fascination, and a good time is a good time. The book is cleverly written, in narrative without too many directions.

Travel

THE OTHER CHÂTEAU COUNTRY—The Feudal Land of the Dordogne. By KATHARINE WOODS. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $5.

If one closes a book of travel with a sigh and the words, "I'd like to take that trip," the author has been successful; at least Miss Woods has been so here in writing up something of the history and monuments of the Dordogne Valley in southern France. An easy flow of language characterizes her informal narrative throughout, as she opens and closes with practical hints for motorists and, between, lays vividly before you the magnificent valley, in its surpassing richness and beauty. Writing with a considerable force, sometimes weakened by use of hackneyed adjectives and by verbosity, she describes châteaux not so famous nor so familiar historically, nor yet perhaps so sophisticatedly beautiful, as those of the Loire, but equally interesting and stirring in their feudal and medieval associations and picturesqueness.

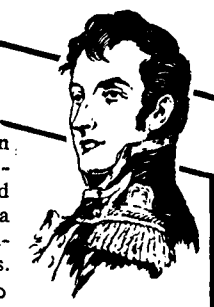
In comparison with Maria Landsdale's more formal "Châteaux of the Touraine," Miss Woods's volume is poorly arranged and loosely knit, but it is vastly more entertaining work. Somewhat too crammed with historical notes, it has excellent sections, such as the description of Castelnau-Bretenoux, "the little Carcassone which Pierre Loti loved as a boy," or Château L'Évêque, whose owner, Mme. Jenny, the famous Paris modiste, was once a poor girl in Périgueux, and is now the Grand-Dame of "the loveliest rose garden in all France." There are chapters besides on Bastides, the "new towns" of the seigneurs, on Le Moustier, the enchanting land of pre-historic man, and on the troubadours of the Midi. A sketch map and photographs accompany the text.

Among the best of the new books

HURRICANE
by Nahum Sabsay

This novel of the Russian revolution and civil war is the work of an author who fought through both of them, and who writes of those days that "shook the world" in chapters ablaze with color and conflict. It is the love story of a young Russian girl and an army officer, two vivid figures whose devotion sings clearly above the thunders of an empire in collapse. For its unforgetable pictures of momentous events, its innumerable sharply etched characterizations of Russians of all classes, its surge of thrilling situations, this novel is without an equal.
434 *pages.* $2.50

DECATUR
by Irvin Anthony
author of "Down to the Sea in Ships," etc.



The first modern biography of a great American naval hero, who conquered the Barbary pirates, defeated the crack frigate of the British navy, and laid the foundations of American naval power. It is a stirring, authoritative, vigorous portrait by an author known for his books on the sea and seafarers.
308 *pages.* $3.50

La Salle
by L. V. Jacks
author of "Xenophon: Soldier of Fortune," etc.

"MR. Jacks's vivid pen takes the reader in close company with La Salle and his comrades through forests, across storm-tossed lakes, in peril from man and nature, on to his great victory and heart-wringing defeat. It is a thrilling tale, well told."
—*Ernest Sutherland Bates in Book of the Month Club News.*
276 *pages.* $3.00

The Persecution of Mary Stewart
by Sir Edward Parry
author of "The Overbury Mystery," etc.

In this brilliant presentation of "The Queen's Cause" Sir Edward Parry shatters the walls of pseudo-history that have almost obscured the real Mary, Queen of Scots, and reveals her as she really was—a lonely woman, anxious for her country's good but surrounded by plotters who finally wrought her downfall.
Illustrated. 340 *pages.* $5.00

The Jungle of the Mind
by Edgar James Swift
author of "Mind in the Making," etc.

This book throws a spotlight into the blind alleys of credulity which thoughtful people wish to avoid. Professor Swift examines some of the cults which flourish to-day—astrology, clairvoyance, psychoanalysis, and the like—and shows how they confuse the mind and prevent the individual from living a healthy and constructive life. The book is genuinely instructive, entertaining, and psychologically sound.
372 *pages.* $2.50

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

"A book which is so authentically the work of genius, so immediately perceptible as a masterpiece, so emotionally beautiful in style as to be great even to the untutored reader — to the trained critic, superb. Such a book is

WILLA CATHER'S
latest novel
SHADOWS ON THE ROCK
says FANNY BUTCHER
in The Chicago Tribune

Now in its 140th thousand
On sale at all bookshops at $2.50

ALFRED A KNOPF *Publisher* — BORZOI BOOKS — 730 FIFTH AVENUE *New York*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You've got to be Good
to do these . . .

Every charade fiend (and his name is legion) knows the lure of the game, the titillation to the mind, the mad pursuit of the elusive syllable and word in this, the greatest mental pastime of them all. Former Dean of Harvard University and present Dean of Charaders, Mr. Briggs has provided the ultimate test for your powers of perspicacity. A few of the charades contained in this volume have been appearing in *The Saturday Review* contest, but there are more than 100 new ones in this volume, which should prove in the coming months to be a new vogue for the mentally enlightened. $2.00

Pegasus Perplexing

CHARADES IN VERSE

By LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street, New York

Meet
400 Authors

Erich Remarque was organist in a madhouse . . . Knut Hamsun was conductor on a Halsey Street horse-car in Chicago . . . Bernard Shaw worked for the Edison Telephone Company . . . Gerhardi wrote his first novel on a card index . . . (there are 396 more).

"LIVING AUTHORS is our idea of an absolutely indispensable volume for any reader. These sketches are fascinating."—Chicago Tribune. "LIVING AUTHORS is an invaluable reference book, with odd lots of pleasure for the literary minded."—New York Times.

At your bookseller's

H. W. WILSON COMPANY
New York

LIVING AUTHORS
A BOOK OF BIOGRAPHIES
400 Lives 400 Portraits
Price $5.00

The adventure book of the year!

"Around the World in 8 Days"

by Wiley Post and Harold Gatty

Breath-taking thrills—danger—glorious adventure! The authentic, inside story of "two young men in a hurry" and the record-smashing flight of the "Winnie Mae".

"Should appeal to young and old."—*Pittsburgh Press.*
"Ought to be read as long as prohibition will be discussed, which means forever."—*Will Rogers.*
"Delightful simplicity . . . no fire works, no psychologizing."—*Fanny Butcher, Chicago Tribune.*

Introduction by Will Rogers

15 full pages of photographs and facsimile of Gatty's own log

$2.50 at all bookstores

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

FISHERS OF BOOKS. By BARTON CURRIE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $4.

MR. BARTON CURRIE has composed on his "little portable typing machine" a book that must afford him the greatest satisfaction: as the chief hero of the piece, he appears sometimes as the friend of the great—

> Only an hour before beginning this paragraph I sat chatting with Gertrude Atherton on the sheltered afterdeck of the "Rotterdam"—"Too many celebrities round about to meet and chatter with . . ., the King of Egypt, the King and Queen of Belgium, the Queen of Rumania, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Julia Marlowe, Norman Douglas, Robert Hichens;

sometimes as the shrewd man of affairs whose astuteness, except in the incident of the typewritten letter from Bernard Shaw, signed by his secretary ("I was so disgusted that I tore the letter up and cast it into the scrap basket"), is always apparent; and invariably as the protector and encourager of the young and inexperienced. Then there are the two lesser heroes, Mr. A. E. Newton and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, with Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Paul Lemperly, Mr. W. T. H. Howe, and Mr. Gabriel Wells added to the background as friends and supporters. The villains are principally Dealers, the chief powers of darkness whose wiles and shabby deceits Mr. Currie exposes with so much tumult and vigor—attached to this sinister group are, strangely enough, Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. H. L. Mencken, who, along with their works and their ideas, are subjected to paroxysms of indignation apparently because they have never openly admired the poetical works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, and—to borrow the Currie manner—Mr. "Snow-Bound" Whittier. As an example of an all-star revival, the production may be viewed with interest: as a contribution even to the lighest forms of entertainment, it suffers from the constant overacting of the star performer.

It is impossible to sympathize fully with all of Mr. Currie's views—that he is entitled to express them and to believe them is undeniable, but that he should behave as if he were Solomon in a world of simpletons is perhaps unwise. If he can write, "Appeared Walter Pater and Henry James, then George Meredith"; if he can speak twice of the 1893 appearance of the first volume of Hardy's "The Dynasts," and follow it with a reference to the "'94" edition; if he can blur by understatement (the only instance of this quality of his book), or by incorrect statement the differences between the 1913 and 1914 editions of "Chance," and the 1865 and 1866 editions of "Alice in Wonderland," all of the simple matters either of chronology or of bibliography, it may seem reasonable to some of his readers to question other assertions of his. There are no compromises in his mind: his world is composed simply (1) of himself and Mr. Newton, the people who agree with them and of whom they approve, and many trumpets and brasses that help to announce all their activities; and (2) of an outside horde in tents marked Liars, Hypocrites, and Detractors, made up of dealers, Englishmen, and foreigners, with the exception of Mr. Walter Spencer, whose rehabilitation is apparently one of Mr. Currie's major concerns, and all critics either of himself or of Mr. Newton. Somewhere in between these groups are the young and inexperienced collectors for whose benefit the war is carried on; they belong with right and authority in the brass-band contingent, although they have, so far, failed to realize this fact. It is, of course, difficult to struggle with such notions, to say for example that not even his agreeing with Mr. Newton "that in the minds of those collectors who are men of common sense there must be at least some figment of an idea of investment values," makes the remark necessarily true, nor even worth repeating, but at least it should be possible to suggest mildly that disagreement with him and with Mr. Newton does not imply inevitably an entire lack of intelligence.

Mr. Currie has actually nothing new to say, but he says it with such overemphasis in the combined literary manners of radio advertisers and the shades of Peggy Shippan and Nancy Wynne that it assumes the air of novelty.

G. M. T.

Exordium

A FEW months ago there appeared in the *Literary Supplement* of the London *Times* a letter from Mr. Richard L. Purdy, of New Haven, saying that with the authorization of the late Thomas Hardy's literary executors, and with the approval of Mrs. Hardy, he was about to undertake the making of a definitive bibliography of the novelist; as he wished his book to be, in the fullest sense, a coöperative study, he asked that individuals possessing letters from Hardy describing or discussing his work in any way should let him (Mr. Purdy) know. It is, of course, customary to make such preliminary announcements: other persons who may have vague ideas of wanting to do the same thing are warned decently, and the expectant author is left, presumably, to himself. In Mr. Purdy's case it is natural that he should wish to write such a book: directly after Hardy's death he organized and arranged a memorial exhibition for Yale University that included, through the graciousness of such collectors as Mr. A. E. Newton, Mr. Carroll Wilson, and Mr. Augustin Healy, the finest books and manuscripts of Thomas Hardy's available in this country; and in connection with it, he printed a fully annotated catalogue that continues to be a model of accuracy. His interest, therefore, could be taken for granted: his knowledge of the subject and his ability to produce distinguished work can be judged easily from what he has already published. It is certan that no one will be more careful in his statements, or give greater evidence of painstaking—even fussy—research, so that the result should be a reference work of the greatest importance and value.

The announcement of any intended book of this character always creates a desire to croak warnings, or to explain, unnecessarily perhaps, to the author what his public will expect of him: it does no harm, and may at least help to make clear the basis of possible future criticism. Bibliography at the present time suffers from an utter lack of uniformity: one individual's ideas on the subject are as worthy of consideration as another's, and no one will assume the responsibility of saying definitely, "This is right," and "That is nonsense." There are, of course, a few general groups to be found: the persons (chiefly historians and biographers) who look upon bibliography as a series of authors' names, titles of books, and dates of publication, arranged systematically under various headings; the persons who divide books into bewildering arrays of editions and issues, based on the number of misprints and errors they can find in their selected texts; and the persons to whom bibliography is the accurate description of whatever books they happen to have in their possession. Each class has its special authorities and its special workers—and each class is equally certain of the correctness of its own opinions. That some effort ought to be made to end the existing confusion of definitions and terms has been obvious for a long time: the late George H. Sargent urged the formation of a Supreme Court of Bibliography, while Mr. Michael Sadleir and Mr. Richard Curle have later confirmed his views in their own ways. With admirable unconcern and detachment the Bibliographical Society of America, which might have the power to do something constructive, confines itself to looking after the interests only of librarians and historians—its June meeting discussed the new edition of the British Museum catalogue of printed books, the continuation of Sabin's lists of early American, and the great progress that a new union list of serials was making. The English Bibliographical Society is still absorbed with the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the American Library Assiciation is hopelessly out of the question by reason of its size and its indifference. The entire problem, therefore, is thrown upon the bibliographer to settle as his intelligence, his experience, or his inclination directs: he may join himself to any of the ordinary groups, or he may commence something original of his own.

By its definition, bibliography is, first, "the history or description of books, or manuscripts, with notices of editions, dates of printing, points, etc.," and second, " a list of books relating to a given subject or author." David Murray adds a distinction, speaking of "material" bibliography as "the description of books from the connoisseur's standpoint," and of "literary, or intellectual" as the attempt "to register, describe, and arrange this vast material, and to make it available for scholars and investigators." There is, then, this elementary necessity of deciding for what class of persons a bibliography is intended, whether its appeal is to connoisseurs (in other words, to collectors, cataloguers in libraries, and book-dealers), or to scholars and investigators. The requirements of the second class are reasonably simple and concise—an exhaustive compilation of titles in all languages, identified briefly, and arranged in some undetermined, convenient form, a kind of Poole's Index for whatever author or subject may be selected, in order "that men may have access to [such knowledge] without unnecessary toil." The other—and for the bibliographer of any English or American author, by far the more important—class makes quite different demands: here, these people say, are definite volumes which we assume are written by one individual—what, exactly, are they, and by what particular marks, common to the same title, are they to be identified? How are we to distinguish one issue from another, or how are we to know whether the book was first published in England, France, or America?

To all of these questions, and to others like them, the bibliographer must make answers: he must know from his own experience the extent and value of his material; he must be able from his examination of as many copies of each book as possible, to formulate general principles of identification, to separate "freaks" from genuine variants, and to keep his work free from irrelevant and confusing statements. In a sense, he assumes a definite responsibility towards a definite public which holds the right to look for whatever it may want in his work—it is scarcely sufficient for him to insert a sentence in the preface, remarking airily that several things have been omitted as "they somewhat exceed the scope of the present book." Neither is it wise for him to assume that every detail is absolutely correct: that it may be so within the limits of his personal knowledge is possible, but only the self-confidence of ignorance and inexperience would overlook the probability of some one's discovering mistakes the first time the volume might be put to actual use. And after the assembling of details comes the question of form, of the best manner in which this accumulation of facts is to be presented. Dr. Geoffrey Keynes and Mr. Sadleir, after transcribing title-pages, devote separate paragraphs to pagination, binding, subsequent editions, and general notes: Mr. Thomas J. Wise is inclined to place everything that can be grouped under the heading of collation in a single paragraph, and then to proceed to an elaborate discussion of the book he is describing.

The first method has the advantage of perfect clearness—it is simple and easy to understand, and it saves time: the second may, in the hands of a careless person, cause great confusion. And the quality of clearness, of saying exactly what is meant, and of arranging similar publications with their counterparts, can not be emphasized too strongly—during the past year one particular bibliography added to its many other faults the quite superfluous one of printing sentences that, even with the actual volume before one that the author was dealing with, were capable of two or three interpretations. Just as it is difficult to forgive the sins of ambiguous language, it is equally difficult to excuse a cluttered arrangement of items—magazine appearances of stories and novels, introductions to the books by other writers, uncollected poems and essays, odd letters, all obtruding themselves in the midst of an author's publications in book form, as if they were all of equal importance to everyone. Scholars and investigators may perhaps think so, but after all, theirs is not this type of bibliography, nor are they justified in expecting any great consideration. The connoisseur in Mr. Murray's sense, the individual who has achieved discrimination, and who knows from experience what he wishes to find out, ought rather to be the object of attention: it is he who, in the end, will give the book not only its greatest use, but also its chief chance of success.

G. M. T.

THE OLD CROWD ***A new novel by WILLIAM FITZGERALD author of "Gentlemen All"***

THE OLD CROWD has settled down. For twenty years Colonel Harlan has been buried in an odour of sanctity and might have remained so but for a chance slur on the Colonel's private life. . . . Reluctantly, inevitably, the personal secrets safely hidden come to light. October firelight, ancient carriage drives, rare old port . . . innocent diversions that screened the whole passionate life of that New Hampshire town. . . . THE OLD CROWD *is the second novel by William Fitzgerald, Jr., a young Bostonian. His first novel,* GENTLEMEN ALL, *published last year, received unusual praise. DuBose Heyward, author of "Porgy," read it and wrote: "I want you to know I was simply bowled over, I think it a perfectly stunning job." Guy Holt wrote in The Bookman: "I venture to say that William Fitzgerald, Jr., is a young man we shall be talking about in the future."* THE OLD CROWD *was published September 23, by Longmans, Green & Company.* $2.00

You will enjoy "THE OLD CROWD" by WILLIAM FITZGERALD author of "Gentlemen All"

Read the First Paragraph

(It's quite stertling) of Emerson's essay on *Gifts* (queer the Florists haven't made use of it) and think how easily R. W. E. might have solved his problem. Aye, for birthdays, weddings, halloweens, house-warmings and mind-warmings, or any cusp and apex on the human curve, why not give a year's subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW . . . ?

Don't telegraph, Write; enclosing 3½ legal tender mermaids[$] and surprise Old Quercus, the only writer of Promotion Copy who really reads his Emerson.

No Reductions, no Abatements, no Mellifluent Allure. Your mind is your premium.

[$] The gold standard is O.K. with us.

Dept. P.E.G.Q.

The Saturday Review, 25 West 45, N. Y. C.

If....

You are interested in the superstitions, lore and literature of a people cut off from all intercourse with the outside world for four generations you will like

The Cumberland Empire

"Life in the Southern Hills"

Edited by James Taylor Adams

Big Laurel, Va.

20c a Copy *$2.00 a Year*

Subscribe now....Pay when first copy arrives

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AUCTIONS

AUCTION OCTOBER 6th—The Library of Dr. Gottfried Koehler of Chicago (with additions) comprising Rare Americana, American First Edition rarities and American autograph material. Ben Hur, Moby Dick, Poe's Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, Scarlet Letter, Walden, etc. Isaac Arnold's copy of his Life of Lincoln with annotations, early American Travels, McFee's Indian Wars. Western Americana. Oct. 6, 8 P. M. Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., 922 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

BARGAIN OFFERS

PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS. The largest publishers of privately printed and limited editions in the United States, invite you to send for their free literature. Prospectuses on unexpurgated publications dealing with curiosa and esoterica will also be sent gratis to adults upon request. Panurge, Incorporated, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

20% DISCOUNT: ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1740 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall. 132 Lexington Avenue, New York.

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

SEARCHING FOR WANTS a specialty, home and abroad. Joan Peters Books, 60 Greenwich Avenue, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

STORIES, ARTICLES, BOOKS AND PLAYS criticized and marketed. Intelligent collaboration. Radio material analyzed. Writers Service Bureau, 114 West 16th Street, Suite 6-E, New York.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS—Send without obligation for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES by famous authorities. Daniel O'Malley Co., Inc., 1776-U Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

I SELL BOOKS, serials, stories, articles. Sales commission: 10%. Established 1925. Write details of work, or submit direct for reading without obligation. DARYL DORAN, Dept. SS, Six North Michigan, Chicago.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SYNDICATE SERVICE FOR WRITERS. INTELLIGENT SERVICE. EMIL ZUBRYN, 1472S Broadway, New York.

LOWELL WAS WRONG

IT IS *NOW* THAT COME PERFECT DAYS. Enjoy them in perfect country. Hospitality that is "different" in pre-Revolutionary country-house, all modern conveniences. Tel. DA nbury 993, Ring 1-3. Miss Alice Bennett, Brookfield Center, Conn.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED AND TYPED. PROMPT AND EXPERT SERVICE GUARANTEED. By one who has had several years of experience in literary work and is at present on the regular staff of critical journal. Manuscripts typed in accepted form for presentation to publishers. Reasonable rates. For further information please write to Box Number 61, in care of the Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TYPOGRAPHY

PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS' BOOKS; Designed and made according to the finest principles. S. A. Jacobs, 3 Milligan Place, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review of Literature, telephone BR yant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

ALBERT EINSTEIN — JOHN DEWEY
SIR JAMES JEANS — H. G. WELLS
THEODORE DREISER — H. L. MENCKEN
BEATRICE WEBB — SIR ARTHUR KEITH
IRWIN EDMAN — JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH — JULIA PETERKIN
FRIDTJOF NANSEN — LEWIS MUMFORD
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN — IRVING BABBITT
ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN — HU SHIH
J. B. S. HALDANE — HILAIRE BELLOC
BERTRAND RUSSELL — WILLIAM RALPH INGE

The Twenty-two Modern Thinkers Who Present Their Own Credos On First and Last Things In LIVING PHILOSOPHIES

Defying heat-waves and business depressions, and far outstripping so-called "light summer reading," this volume of *Living Philosophies* retains its undisputed place on all best-seller lists. Here is the rare combination for which publishers pray—a book for the years which also stands out among its contemporaries, a book of the month which goes marching on.

Hundreds of readers have been telling *The Inner Sanctum* why they bought Living Philosophies. The gratifying thing is that there is no single reason for its wide and cumulative appeal: it is rather a composite of many factors, including

The lure of the 22 authors' names
Magnificent reviews
Recommendation of friends
Endorsement of educators
The FORUM *Series*
A persistent interest in philosophy
A desire to know what it's all about
etc., etc.

Here is the type of comment which is particularly persuasive—an essay by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes in which he says: "This volume of Living Philosophies is a proof that at last we are approaching intellectual maturity here on earth. It is one of the most convincing bits of evidence yet assembled that the race—or at least its more brilliant leaders—is becoming civilized."

ESSANDESS.

A Challenge to the New Age

The ART of LEARNING
By WALTER B. PITKIN
Author of "The Psychology of Achievement, etc."
THE ART OF LEARNING treats of the greatest of human adventures—the discovery of one's self and one's own possibilities. Here, for the first time, is a book which organizes and presents the precise technique of learning. "The book may be 'studied' with delight, which is after all the quality that makes of learning a joy."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.50

A HISTORY OF AIRCRAFT
By F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN *and* ERIC HODGINS
The authors of "*Sky-High*" present a complete record of aeronautics, from man's earliest concept of flying, to the DO-X. An engrossing account, profusely illustrated, with appendix. $5.00

The United States and Disarmament
By BENJAMIN H. WILLIAMS
A timely review of the Disarmament movement since the War and a discussion of all angles of the subject as they affect the future welfare of the United States. $3.50

DIVORCE
A SOCIAL INTERPRETATION
By J. P. LICHTENBERGER
A recognized authority surveys the problems of marriage and divorce from earliest times to the present. $4.00

BIOLOGY in Human Affairs
Edited by EDWARD M. EAST
12 leading scientists survey the outposts of modern biological knowledge. $3.50

Business Adrift
By W. B. DONHAM
The Donham Plan for American Business. *4th Large Printing.* $2.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
A Division of
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
370 Seventh Avenue, N. Y.

The PHŒNIX NEST

BABETTE DEUTSCH has done an interesting thing in translating from the original Russian into English verse a children's book called "Crocodile" which J. B. Lippincott publishes with the original Russian illustrations in black and white. *K. Chukovsky* is the Russian author, and the publishers tell us that over a quarter of a million copies of this story-picture book have been sold on his native heath. . . .

There have been many books on *Thomas Chatterton,* a figure in English literary history who has always particularly interested us. Now *Ernest Penzoldt* tells the story again in "The Marvelous Boy," the book being published by Harcourt, Brace. *John J. Trounstine* and *Eleanor Woolf* have made the translation of this fictionizing of Chatterton's story which yet follows closely whatever historic records have been handed down. . . .

The Primavera Press of Los Angeles has got out a collection of poems by *Reginald Pole,* a young Englishman who was a close friend of *Rupert Brooke* and whose dramatic work has been recognized both in England and in America. The address of the Press is 705½ West Sixth Street, Los Angeles. The book is "Nights and Hours" and one poem celebrates the finding of a "Prince Albert" tobacco can in the middle of the desert! . . .

Not so many people know that the late *George Barr McCutcheon,* creator of "Graustark," collected many first editions and shortly before his death owned what was probably the finest American collection of *Stevenson, Thackeray, Dickens,* and *Kipling.* His publishers, Dodd, Mead, have issued a posthumous volume in an edition limited to one thousand copies, entitled "Books Once Were Men," in which McCutcheon tells the story of his first edition and rare book collections. . . .

Quite recently the house of the poet laureate of England, *John Masefield,* was entered by a burglar who is reported to have taken only a gramophone, its records, and a portable radio. What he overlooked were some valuable manuscripts including the carbon copy of Masefield's forthcoming volume of poems, "Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes." Macmillan will publish this volume in October, the autographed edition on the nineteenth of the month and the regular trade edition ten days later. . . .

The Gielguds are a remarkable family. The eldest brother, *Lewis,* author of "Red Soil," (Doubleday, Doran) lives in Paris where he is connected with the League of Red Cross Societies. *Val* Gielgud, has written a romance of the Polish frontier, "Old Swords," and now a new novel for Houghton Mifflin, "Imperial Treasure." The younger brother, *John* Gielgud, as we had occasion to mention some time ago, is regarded as one of England's leading actors and recently played "King Lear" in a sumptuous revival at the "Old Vic." Val is director of Dramatic Productions for the British Broadcasting Corporation. The three brothers are descended on their father's side from a very old Lithuanian family, and, on their mother's, are great-nephews of Ellen Terry. . . .

One of Shakespeare's most delightful stage directions is "Exit, pursued by a bear." But why did he introduce a polar bear on the seacoast of Bohemia in "The Winter's Tale?" The private opinion of "Q," *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch,* is that the Bear-Pit in Southwark, hard by the Globe Theatre, "had a tame animal to let out, and the Globe management took the opportunity to make a popular hit." This opinion is to be found in "The New Shakespeare" published by Macmillan. For each play *Professor J. Dover Wilson* has made a complete recension of the text, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has written an introduction, and *Mr. Harold Child* has contributed a stage history of the play. The whole series of comedies is now available at a reduced price of $1.75 each, in the format originally designed by Bruce Rogers. . . .

We talked about "1066 and All That" when it came out, as we had derived great enjoyment from it. Now a book has been written by *Richard Dark* which does for English Literature what that did for English History. It is called "Shakespeare and that Crush," and is illustrated in a masterly way by Thomas Derrick." From the "*Voluble Bede,*" down to *William Wordsworth,* whom he finds conversing with old women and sheep and village half-wits (as illustrated here), and spending his life "immersed in the Lakes," Dark gives one an inspired birds'-eye-view of the whole situation. The Oxford University Press should be cheered on for producing this handy volume! . . .

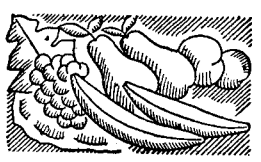
Louis Untermeyer writes:

> You don't have to tell us gardeners about Eden Phillpotts. Every iris-grower knows that Eden Phillpotts is a fine blue, Cengialti X, Pallida type. It is a practically uniform shade of deep lavender relieved with a bold white and yellow beard, growing about four feet—the flower, not the beard. Even out in Puyallup, Wash'n, they have heard of him. for Mr. Pudor, the delphinium specialist, says "Phillpotts's beauty has been freely recognized by the amateur, the trade-grower and the horticultural press at home and abroad." In former days if you were a good boy, you grew up to be President and a five-cent cigar was named after you. Now, if you write enough novels, you'll become a twenty-five-cent iris!

Aw, we wanna be a gladiola! . . .

All debs take warning! *Oliver Herford* has written "The Deb's Dictionary," designed especially for debs, sub-debs, and ex-debs, and the publisher is Lippincott. "I met an ex-deb in the meads, full beautiful, a fairy's child, etc., etc." . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.



A Volume of Short Stories by
WILLIAM FAULKNER
Author of "Sanctuary," "As I Lay Dying," etc.
has just been published. Of the thirteen stories included, seven have never before been published. The stories may be taken to represent various moods of the author over a period of the last two years.
These Thirteen
Regular edition, $2.50 *Limited, autographed edition,* $7.50
JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

PIE IN THE SKY
BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Taking its title from the refrain of a famous old "wobbly" song, this novel tells the story of a dyed-in-the-wool "Red" family, and the revolt of its younger member against the revolution. A powerful novel of human ambitions, frailties, and passions. $2.50

FLOWER OF THORN
BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER
A romantic novel of the sectional pride and prejudice of the old South as they affect the lives of two modern young people—a Southern girl and the grandson of a Northern carpet-bagger. This is undoubtedly the most haunting love story ever written by one of the most popular romanticists the South has produced. $2.50

THE GOOD DETECTIVES
BY MARGARET LEVESON GOWER
This unusual novel is neither a mystery nor a detective story, yet it is a book that will be enjoyed by every one who remembers with joy the detective feats he accomplished, the mysteries he gravely solved in the free, fearless days when he was young enough to believe in himself and his destiny. $2.00

THE YOUNG MRS. MEIGS
BY ELIZABETH CORBETT
Need a woman ever grow old? Mrs. Meigs, a "young woman of eighty," found it quite unnecessary. A g matriarch of a b American famil at the fact tha people around her are trying to order her life, and slyly manages to untangle theirs instead. Mrs. Meigs is one of the most striking characters in current fiction. $2.00

CANE JUICE
BY JOHN EARLE UHLER
The story of a brawny "Cajun" lad of Louisiana, raw and uncouth, but possessed of a driving ambition to become a leader of the cane sugar industry. With this object he enters the State university, is bewildered and then swallowed up by its social life and undergraduate interests. A strong novel of powerful interest by a brilliant new writer. $2.50

Have you read GREEN HELL? It's still the book of the year. $4.00

THE CENTURY CO.
Publishers of
THE NEW CENTURY DICTIONARY
353 Fourth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED